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Strife in Steel
—Revolution on the Right

Russia Reconverts . . . . . *William Mandel*
Veterans Welcome . . . . . *Louis Falstein*
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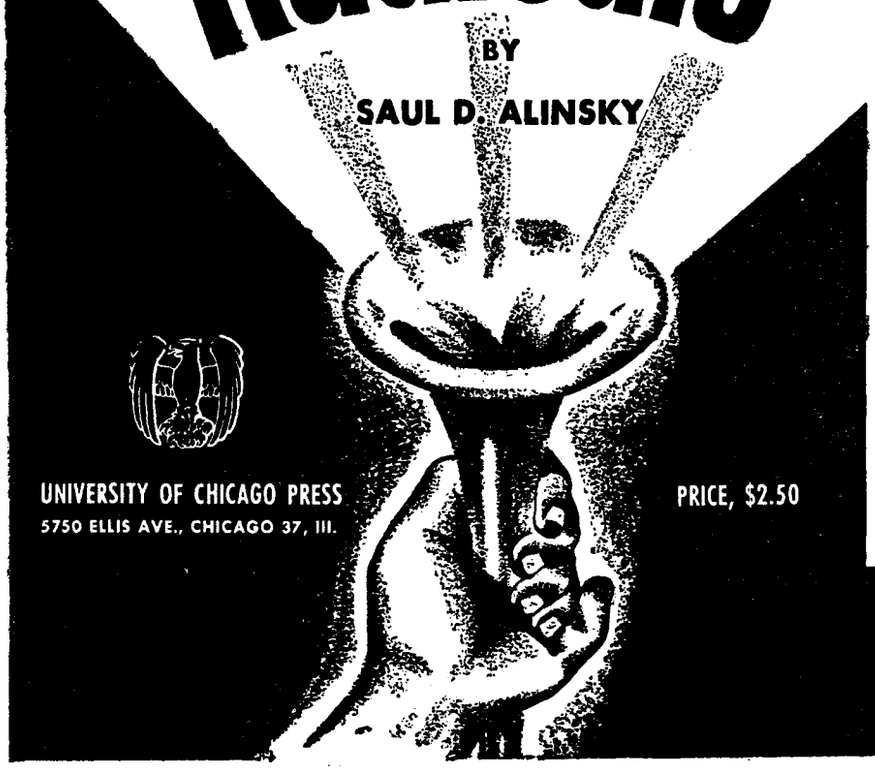

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Revolution on the Right

ORGANIZED BIG BUSINESS has declared war on the rest of the United States. No milder interpretation of U. S. Steel's defiance of the President of the United States is consistent with the facts. Big business has mobilized for an all-out attack on labor unions because it is convinced that the only safe way to retain the vast special privileges it now enjoys is by destroying the unions. And it has set itself to that job, regardless of the risk to the nation.

The most experienced observers have seen for some months that the major industries were following a master plan against labor. The parallel courses U. S. Steel and General Motors have now taken in their respective wage disputes demonstrate this still more clearly. U. S. Steel refuses to comply with the arbitration of the President himself; General Motors refuses to comply with the recommendations of the President's fact-finding panel.

These are more than normal wage disputes. Industry is making a last stand against greater economic democracy. As Steelworkers' President Philip Murray has put it, "The evil conspiracy among American big business has been unmasked. American industry, fattened with war profits, guaranteed a high level of profits through special tax rebates under laws written at its behest, has deliberately set out to destroy labor unions, to provoke strikes and economic chaos, and hijack the American people through uncontrolled profits and inflation."

The United Steelworkers have tried since last September to get the U. S. Steel Corporation to bargain collectively on the union's demand for a $2-a-day increase. The company refused even to talk to the union until the government would promise it large-scale price increases. Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach twice intervened to request that the company meet with the union. The company refused. It was only, President Fairless admits, after the government weakened on its hold-the-price-line position and promised U. S. Steel an increase of $4 per ton in steel ceiling prices that the company agreed to resume collective-bargaining negotiations with the union. Four dollars a ton adds up to an additional $250 million a year for U. S. Steel. In promising to grant so large an increase, Truman's Reconversion Director Snyder was overriding Price Administrator Bowles, who contended—with facts to prove it—that the steel industry did not need anything like that much more income to grant substantial wage increases and still maintain prewar profit levels.

When negotiations still bogged down, even after the price-increase promise, President Truman decided to take a hand himself. He held a preliminary conference with the fact-finding panel he had appointed for steel, and after considerable study came up with a compromise proposal. By this time, the union had shaved its original demand for 25 cents an hour more to 19.5 cents, and the company had raised its offer from an increase of 12.5 cents to one of 15 cents per hour. President Truman proposed a compromise increase that went straight down the middle—18.5 cents an hour—6.5 cents below Murray's original demand and six cents above Fairless' original offer.

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It is estimated that the President's wage plan would cost the industry approximately $185 million. In view of the $250 million price increase, the steel companies could accept the proposal and still come out with a $65 million net profit on the deal. Latest figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that earnings for steel workers in October, 1945, averaged $43.48 per week, as compared with the $56.32 steel workers averaged in April, 1945, just before V-E Day. The 40-hour week and loss of overtime have meant a weekly cut of $12.84. The 18.5-cent-an-hour increase recommended by Truman, according to Murray, would "provide for a substantial, but not full, restoration of the loss of the weekly earnings."

The United Steelworkers accepted Truman's decision. The U. S. Steel Corporation rejected it. Clearly justice and logic were not going to decide this case without much more struggle. "In our opinion," Fairless wrote President Truman on behalf of U. S. Steel, "there is no just basis from any point of view for a wage increase to our steel workers of the large size you have proposed." His stand, he went on to say, was not only for the protection of U. S. Steel Corporation but of "our customers and American business in general."

A key part of American industry is blacked out by the design of top industrial leaders who have their eyes on more than this year's take-home profits. Before this queer idea of economic democracy goes any farther, they intend to revoke all the concessions forced from them during the war—production and price controls, maintenance of membership and closed-shop provisions. Doing that involves making Congress and the country strike-conscious so that legislation will be passed hamstringing labor politically and otherwise, forcing costly strikes in order to drain union treasuries, licking strikes, and so undermining the prestige of individual labor leaders.

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All this and much more is included in the planned revolution from the Right with which President Truman must now deal. If he will face up to the real nature of this revolt and stick to the position he has taken, he and we can win.

That will take action. Several courses are open. He could call Fairless back to Washington, along with General Motors' Alfred P. Sloan, House of Morgan's Thomas Lamont and the other key directors of the revolt, and if they still refuse his proposal, he could tell the nation what they were trying to do and what was at stake for all of us. It is hard to believe that even this coalition could withstand such an attack. Or the President could seize the steel plants and put them under government operation while the measures necessary to order the 18.5-cent increase were being taken by government labor officials.

These are drastic steps for one of Harry Truman's temperament. But it is difficult to believe that any less decisive action will break the stranglehold which reaction has managed to get on our economy. John Snyder and other advisers are urging Truman to let labor and industry fight this out between themselves. That course is no more possible now than the parallel one was at Munich.

The President's Message

President Truman has sent to Congress a document combining the usual message on the state of the Union with the annual budget message. It is one of the longest documents ever submitted to the national legislature, and it covers practically every subject he has ever raised in the past. Not only is the innovation employed of consolidating the two messages, but the budget message, for the first time, includes the cost of carrying out new measures which are now proposed.

The President expresses firm optimism about our future; if we can successfully get through the problems of reconversion, he thinks the national product can be 50 percent higher than in the best previous peacetime year, a prediction with which most people who have studied the subject carefully will agree. He asks for the continuance of price and rent control; ceiling prices on both old and new houses; maintenance of food subsidies and expanded social security. He wants federal aid to education, and federal assistance to state unemployment insurance during the reconversion period. He asks for a permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission—at the moment when a Senate filibuster against it is in progress; an increase in minimum wages from 40 to 65 cents per hour; a federal scientific-research agency; action on atomic energy; a comprehensive scheme for development of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence River system; a nationwide and extensive plan for public works; leaving the national employment service in the hands of the federal gov-

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ernment for another eighteen months; the federal health program which he has already recommended; unification of the armed services, and at least a dozen other proposals, all of them familiar to the public—and to Congress—because of previous messages or Administration-approved bills, or both.

In short, if all the President's proposals, or even a substantial part of them, were adopted we should take a great forward step toward completing the program on which the New Deal was a good beginning. But as T. R. B. points out on page 124 of this issue, there is precious little likelihood that the present Congress will follow the President; and unhappily, on a basis of his record thus far, there is precious little likelihood that President Truman will fight for his program with the energy and skill President Roosevelt would have used under similar circumstances. The story of what this Congress has done thus far is a dismal one; it will be described in detail in the forthcoming Special Section of the *New Republic* announced elsewhere in this issue. If you want the Truman program passed, if you look forward to an America devoted to peace and prosperity, you will need to act at the polls next November 5.

Iran Forces the Issue

The United Nations Organization is forced to deal, much sooner than had been hoped, with an urgent and delicate question. Iran has formally invoked the appropriate sections of the Charter against Soviet Russia, charging that Russia is fomenting revolution in Iran, has failed to remove her troops, as promised, six months after the end of the war, is thwarting the Iranian courts and is preventing Iranian troops from acting to quell the revolution. Russia replies (informally, thus far) that she is not fomenting revolution, and that she will withdraw her troops six months from the end of the Japanese war, rather than the war in Europe; the date is March 2.

Under the terms of the Charter, Russia cannot prevent Iran from bringing the subject up for discussion. She can, however, because of her veto power, prevent the Security Council from taking affirmative action hostile to herself. Those who have argued in favor of the veto power as a necessary expedient with which to get the United Nations Organization under way, have said that the worldwide publicity which would follow charges against any country would in itself have a useful influence; we shall now see to what degree such publicity is effective. Correspondents in London believe that if seven of the eleven members of the Council should approve of putting the dispute between Iran and Russia on the agenda, an effort would be made to postpone the whole problem until after March 2, in the hope that the removal of the Russian troops on that date would either end the quarrel or make it possible for the parties to do as Mr. Byrnes urged all disputants to do, and seek to settle the issue by direct negotiation.

Filibuster v. Democracy

Southern Democrats are again making it difficult for decent Americans to maintain the proper respect for their lawmakers. The long threatened filibuster against a permanent Fair Employment Practice Commission is a disgusting exhibition of the worst that is within us as a nation. In the face of it, no counter-move to demolish it seems strong enough or quick enough.

The Southern tories were caught off guard by the motion of Senator Chavez (D, N. M.) to call up the FEPC bill. They first howled with anguish, then turned to bitter attacks on President Truman for permitting the move. "If this is all that Harry Truman has to offer, God help the Democratic Party in 1946 and 1948," Senator George (D, Ga.) shouted. But the Southern minority quickly organized to block majority rule. They dusted off filibustering tactics that had not been used in twenty years and prepared for a two-month stand if necessary. Hours were consumed in the reading of the Senate Journal of the previous day. Their sympathizers strictly interpreted Senate rules as barring cloture—the one way to limit Senate debate—against consideration of the Journal. It is of the greatest importance for other members to insist that cloture be made applicable to any unlimited debate, regardless of its form.

Proponents of the FEPC bill, spurred on by Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.), are now prepared to fight with the only really strong weapon at hand: insistence on continuous sessions until the filibusterers shall be exhausted. A majority of the Senate would have to be present at all times to answer quorum calls, but it should not take more than four or five days to beat the filibuster if a determined effort were made. Thus far, the Administration has left it to the Republicans and individual Democrats to organize the campaign. Senator Chavez deserves much credit for having the courage to insist on consideration of the FEPC as soon as there was a vacant spot on the Senate calendar. If the Senators who have given lip-service to the principles involved in this fight will stick, the battle against un-American tactics in Congress can be won.

DeGaulle and the French Future

General de Gaulle has resigned again as head of the French government, for the third time in three months, and this time, his friends say, he means it. The immediate issue was the demand of left-wing elements in the National Assembly for a 20-percent reduction in expenditures for the French army; but it seems clear that this is only a pretext for an action with much deeper motives. De Gaulle has been intending for some time to retire to private life, and he seizes the opportunity to do so at a moment when he can cause the

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maximum embarrassment to the Communists, the largest party in the Assembly. The Communists and Socialists have been working together to increase the power of the Assembly in relation to de Gaulle and his group in the executive. As is natural and proper, they want the Assembly to have predominant control over France; and de Gaulle, a stubborn individualist with strong autocratic tendencies, has resisted them on this major issue. The present break was inevitable, sooner or later; the qualities which made de Gaulle useful as a symbol of resistance while France was still under the Nazi heel are not the ones that make him useful in the postwar world when France, like all Europe, is moving rapidly and decisively to the Left under the grim necessities of economic and social conditions. The present food and financial crises have sharpened all tempers, and probably helped to hasten the present showdown.

The Communist-Socialist coalition may not have been quite ready for the General's action; but it is clear that they can get along without him and that he could not and should not get along without them. The spirit of the resistance still lives in France; and in the long view, the future of the country is assured.

Appointments for Reaction

President Truman's White House career to date has been studded with bad appointments, but last week he sent two nominations to the Senate which give real cause for national concern. In naming Edwin W. Pauley Undersecretary of the Navy and George E. Allen a Director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Mr. Truman again revealed that he puts personal friendship before everything else in selecting governmental officials. Pauley, as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, raised the money for the 1944 campaign and was one of the inner circle which fought for Truman for Vice President "before Chicago." Allen stumped the country with Truman during the last campaign and has stayed on as confidential adviser and court jester ever since. Evidently, the President thinks nothing is too good for these loyal pals. We do not feel that they are good enough for the jobs the President wants to give them.

Ed Pauley's adventure in the oil business, especially his involvement in the pending tidelands-oil question, have been widely revealed by the press. As Undersecretary of the Navy, and it is assumed as Secretary following Forrestal's resignation, Pauley would have jurisdiction over our vast naval petroleum reserves as well as over our naval force of whose problems he is completely ignorant. Allen's corporate connections include directorships in the many important enterprises in the Victor Emmanuel business empire, plus such others as Republic Steel. Rival corporations may consider Allen's appointment unfair to free enterprise if not to the public welfare.

In nominating these two men, the President has shown a scandalous disregard of his public trust. Every effort should be made to block their confirmation.

Queer World Court Nominations

One of the big jobs now facing UNO is to select the 15 judges for the new International Court of Justice, successor to the old World Court which the United States never joined, although an American was always on its bench. Membership on the new court is probably the most important and responsible judicial position in the world; men are nominated to it, in theory, without reference to nationality, solely on a basis of individual character. It is safe to say, however, that any American nominated by the United States, any Englishman put forward by Great Britain, is practically sure of election. Recognizing this fact, Russia has proposed two Russians, in order to give other countries a choice.

Oddly enough, however, the United States has nominated only one American. Although entitled to four nominations, it made only one other, a Greek of whom very few Americans have ever heard. The American nominating committee consists of Mr. Hull, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Michael Doyle and Greene Hackworth, legal adviser to the State Department. The American put forward is Mr. Hackworth himself, who, after thirty years in the State Department, is practically unknown to the American public. The action is the more surprising because another and most obvious choice is at hand, in the person of Dr. Manley O. Hudson, who served with great distinction for nine years as a member of the old World Court. Dr. Hudson is indeed such an obvious selection that he has been proposed by six other countries, including Canada. Only one other American has been suggested by anybody, Mr. Charles Fenwick, named by Venezuela. Undoubtedly Dr. Hudson would have been named by many other countries which refrained in order to show proper deference to the United States. Messrs. Hull, Stimson, Doyle and Hackworth owe this country an explanation of their behavior. They should also tell the other nations that the United States has no objection to their choosing Hudson over Hackworth if they wish to do so, on the merits of the two men.

The Palestine Inquiry

The Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine, which has been taking testimony in Washington, has now finished its labors in the United States. It next goes to London, then to various places in Europe, and finally, to Palestine itself. Thereafter, the members will write their report, which they hope to have finished by the middle of April.

Journalists who covered the Washington hearings express concern over the attitude of certain members of the commission. They report that some of the British delegation asked questions which indicated fairly

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settled convictions hostile to any substantial increase in the Jewish population and influence in Palestine. The American members, so these journalists say, on the whole seemed more open-minded, but some of them appeared disconcertingly ill informed about the general facts, with which their British colleagues were thoroughly familiar.

Even at this early stage, it seems clear that the report of the Commission is not likely to solve the present impasse. Its real value will be to determine one fundamental question: the extent of America's real concern in the fate of the surviving Jews of Europe, and our willingness to take responsibility for a permanent and satisfactory solution of the Palestinian question. In the past, we were content to give Great Britain advice without accepting any part of the burden of putting that advice into effect. Under the present circumstances, to continue in that attitude would be to demonstrate political hypocrisy on a staggering scale.

Don't Telegraph; Write

The employees of Western Union in New York City are on strike, and the company has resorted to the device of having telegrams sent by wire to nearby points and then delivered by mail. The *New Republic* believes that the demands of the strikers are just and reasonable, and it therefore serves notice that for the duration of the strike it will not accept telegraphic messages which come to it through channels to which the strikers are opposed. We request our correspondents, therefore, not to send us telegrams during the duration of the strike, and warn them that such messages will be returned unopened to the Western Union Company.

Price Control Must Stay

LAST YEAR, in a dazzling show of procrastination, Congress passed the extension of price control on the afternoon of June 30, just ten hours before the Act was due to expire. This procedure, though upsetting to nerves and tempers generally, had no ultimately untoward effects; it had been fairly sure beforehand that the extension would go through, and that the only cause for worry was how far the proposed amendments would be allowed to clog the works. This year, however, a similar photo finish for price control would be disastrous.

In the first place, with prospects of higher prices ahead, with the tracks possibly clear for windfall profits, any uncertainty would result in industry's holding its products off the market as it did before repeal of the excess-profits tax. Though no government agency has made a calculated effort to determine exactly how large those holdbacks were, rumors about their magnitude have never been disproved. And it seems clear that the amount of goods held off the market this spring to wait for price boosts would be vastly greater. This kind of wait, of course, cannot hurt the industries like textiles and consumer durables, where supply is short and demand is sure to be available whenever the product appears. Indeed, with the future of price control in question, industry will have everything to gain and nothing to lose by sitting out the spring.

This holding-back process, furthermore, is not simply a matter of warehouses stocked with finished toasters and worsted suits that do not get delivered. Rather, the process starts with the piled-up inventories of raw materials and causes a lag in production that grows steadily worse till it hits the end of the line, which is where the customer is standing. In short, it chokes reconversion—and employment—at every stage. Our economy is in no condition to undergo a situation in which industry, at best, is uncertain how to plan and, at worst, is determined not to sell.

In the second place, with the outcome uncertain, the OPA cannot hope this year to hold together a staff through the tortuous cat-and-mouse game with Congress. Despite recent budget cuts and a large wartime turnover, Chester Bowles has so far managed to keep an efficient organization intact. But many of the top executives have already had outside offers, and though large numbers will stay on with the assurance of another year, it is not likely that they will forfeit their chances for the sake of three or four months that may be the agency's last. It is obvious that wholesale resignations at this point would cripple the entire stabilization program; replacements cannot be found with the necessary skills and training.

A third result of congressional dawdling would be widespread price violations. It has been a stiff enough fight thus far to keep compliance at the present tenuous level. Braced by the knowledge that enforcement staffs were getting progressively weaker, investigators fewer and chances of prosecution slimmer, firms would become less reluctant to take the plunge on overcharges. Today, when violators are brought into court, their counsel invariably advises delay, against the time when the case may be an academic exercise. A few months more without a guarantee of price-control renewal would be certain to put a premium on this kind of dilatory tactics.

Finally, a long period with the score uncertain will inevitably encourage just such a buying panic as we have so far managed to hold off reasonably well. With the consumer stocking up on whatever he can find, with retailer and producer scrambling for goods which they fear are due for a price rise, an inflationary psychology might be under way by June which it would then be impossible to check.

As for what would happen to prices if renewal failed

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to go through, *New Republic* readers should need no reminders on that; it ought to be part of everyone's automatic historical baggage that of the 108 percent rise in living costs accompanying World War I, 43 percent came after the Armistice. They should know, too, that this time, with wartime savings of $145 billion as compared with $27 billion last time, with $26.7 billion in circulation as against $4.9 in 1918, and with, indeed, the estimated military expenditures for the first year after V-J Day *larger than the total cost* of World War I, our chances of a rise and crash are infinitely greater. For those who are still unconvinced of the necessity for price control, interesting previews are already on hand: in the case of citrus fruits, where prices rose 50 to 100 percent when controls were removed; in furs, where prices doubled; in cocoanut, where they quadrupled. The trend is obvious, too, in the present boom in stocks and uncontrolled real estate, in the price boost which Secretary Anderson last week asked for butter, and, in fact, in the announced jumps which all food prices would take if consumer subsidies were removed. Industry, plainly, will not be playing for any mere five-percent increase if it holds the delivery trucks empty this spring.

Though price control has weathered six thorough congressional goings-over since January, 1942, the fight now coming up will be the toughest yet. One opposition technique will be to ask for renewal for six months only, which, 1946 being an election year, would bring the question of subsequent renewal up before a lame-duck Congress. The familiar obstructing amendments will also doubtless be offered. The important attack, however, will be to insist, as the NAM has already done, that all controls come off immediately. The favorite chant of this group, individually—take-off-controls-and-we'll-produce-like-mad—is rejected by history: in World War I, when prices of industrial goods rose 88 percent, production went up 25 percent; a 21-percent price rise during this war accompanied a 116-percent jump in production. It is clear, also, that the price increases after the Armistice in 1918 failed to produce production increases in any way approaching those to which we now look forward for an era of full employment.

Renewal has already been discussed before the Senate Small Business Committee, which is expected to issue a favorable report. The subject will then start its long career with formal introduction before the Banking and Currency Committee of both Houses next month. In 1942, a congressional report declared that "of all the consequences of war, except human slaughter, inflation is the most disastrous." It is hoped that Congress will be of the same mind this spring, and that, recognizing the urgency of the situation, it will step in quickly enough for its action to do some good. Price control's new twelve-month lease ought to be signed by March 31 at the latest.

The Trusteeship Question

IF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP is to be fully effective in the United Nations Organization, we must make our position clear on the trusteeship question. The reports from London that our delegation is divided on whether trusteeship should be applied to strategic islands in the Central Pacific must be profoundly disturbing to people in other countries, who would like to think that we mean what we say when we mouth idealistic sentiments about the future of dependent peoples.

The special military adviser to the United States delegation in London, General George C. Kenney, is reported to favor annexation of strategic bases in the Japanese-mandated islands. He has the backing of certain high Army and Navy officials and their friends in Congress. It was to appease these same elements that Harold Stassen and other members of our delegation to the San Francisco Conference went to great pains to differentiate between "strategic" and "non-strategic" areas in writing the Charter chapter dealing with trusteeship.

President Truman's statement of a few days ago that the United States would keep such island bases as we need for as long as our military officials think we need them, merely added to the impression that we are trying to eat our cake and have it too. True, he did say that we would ask for a unilateral trusteeship for these strategic islands, rather than annex them outright. But he made it very clear that having conquered the islands, we would make the terms to suit ourselves. The Russians may have set a precedent for the unilateral approach by incorporating the Kurile Islands into the Soviet Union without benefit of a peace treaty. But if we demand permanent bases in conquered territory, we shall be equally guilty of setting a precedent for other nations to demand military bases in territory they have conquered—the British in Tripoli, for example. We shall also be showing a grave distrust of our allies in the United Nations, which is a bad way to launch the new world organization.

Our policy on this and other international issues might be termed the policy of the highest common denominator. At San Francisco we tried to get a charter to which no one could object. We succeeded, as the Senate vote of 89 to 2 showed. We are still following that policy, on control of the atomic bomb as well as on trusteeship. Unless President Truman and Secretary Byrnes wake up to the fact that the function of leaders is to lead, we run the danger of making the highest common denominator the permanent basis for our foreign policy.

The Charter's provisions on trusteeship are weak in that they do not require any nation to place any territory—even the old League mandates—under trus-

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teeship. In fact, the whole Charter is a mass of compromises—but so was the United States Constitution. Much can be accomplished under the Charter's trusteeship provisions, if we have the courage to take a consistently progressive stand on their application.

President Truman has announced our willingness to place the "non-strategic" islands in the Japanese mandate area under the collective trusteeship of the United Nations. It is difficult to understand why all the islands could not be dealt with in the same way. It would seem to a non-military observer that in these days of long-range stratosphere planes and atomic bombs, isolated bases in the Central and Western Pacific would be of little practical value in the future. But granting that bases are needed, why cannot they be under the same joint trusteeship, rather than creating an artificial administrative line between, say, Kwajalein and the other Marshall Islands? Is there any reason why we cannot have American bases which are available to other members of the United Nations in good standing, as Singapore was available to us even before Pearl Harbor? The very least that we can do is to make clear that any bases we may build in mandated territory are to be an integral part of the United Nations security system, and open to the inspection committees of the Trusteeship Council on the same basis as the non-strategic areas, for the protection of colonial peoples. Any different stand would invite other nations to grab bases, and might lead to the breakdown of the whole concept of trusteeship.

A much better precedent has been set by the Moscow Declaration on Korea. This provided for a four-power trusteeship lasting up to five years, if necessary, while a democratic provisional government is established firmly enough to stand on its own feet. If this pattern is followed in other areas, the trusteeship system may have some meaning.

So far the Soviet Union has taken the lead in advocating a liberal application of trusteeship. We have wavered between the colonial powers and the Russian-led opposition on a number of preliminary decisions. Last fall we joined the British in advocating a temporary trusteeship council, to function until sufficient territories were placed under trusteeship to enable the permanent council to be set up. The Russians opposed this, because the present mandate powers would have dominated the temporary council. In the December meeting of the Preparatory Commission we joined the Russians to defeat an attempt by the colonial powers to place severe restrictions on the right of trusteed peoples to petition the United Nations Organization for the redress of grievances. The result was a landslide in favor of the more liberal interpretation.

The next great issue, already broached in the Preparatory Commission meeting, will be whether the United Nations shall call upon the mandate powers to place all League of Nations mandates under trusteeship without delay. The United States is in a position to take a leading part in bringing this about. We had a voice in the disposal of the mandates after World War I, and although we never accepted any mandates ourselves, we still have a right to be heard on this question. Australia and New Zealand have offered their parts of New Guinea and Samoa, and British leaders have indicated their willingness to see the United Nations take responsibility for Palestine, as well as offering to place the Cameroons, Tanganyika and Togoland under UNO trusteeships. The Union of South Africa, on the other hand, has stated its intention of retaining complete control of former German Southwest Africa, contrary to the spirit of the trusteeship arrangements. Our voice should be raised against any such grab of mandated territory.

The second great issue concerns colonial dependencies. Under the Charter, these can be placed under trusteeship only if the colonial powers volunteer to do so. But if colonial disorders threaten the peace, as has already been the case in Indo-China and Java, there is ground at least for United Nations mediation of disputes. If we lead in advocating such action, there is little doubt that we would have the support of a majority of the General Assembly, and it is likely that the colonial powers concerned would have to accede to the wishes of that majority.

The objectives of the trustee system, as laid down in the Charter, are beyond criticism. They include the political, economic and social advancement of dependent peoples "and their progressive development toward self-government or independence, as may be appropriate to the particular circumstances . . . and the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned. . . ." To hundreds of millions of subject peoples, these objectives are the heart of the Charter and will be the test of its effectiveness. If the United States refrains from demanding special concessions in the Pacific, we shall be in a position to take a leading part in translating these fine words into reality.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Russia Reconverts

by William Mandel

DURING THE WAR Russian doctors had to develop a sixth sense—a sense of temperature. For, except in military hospitals, there just weren't any thermometers. Now the doctors can again rely on science, instead of instinct. During the last quarter of 1945, Soviet *aircraft* factories made two million clinical thermometers. They also made an equal number of spoons, four million pieces of dishware, 30,000 meat-grinders, 30,000 children's sleighs, 25,000 bicycles, 40,000 metal bedsteads, 40,000 door-locks, 25,000 tea and coffee pots and 20,000 primus stoves for housewives in cities that still lack gas.

If the Soviet aircraft industry is somewhat smaller than ours—although not so much smaller as is generally supposed—their tank industry is far larger. We produced 17,000 tanks in 1944. The Russians still haven't released complete figures, but one plant alone, evacuated from Leningrad to the Urals, manufactured 18,000 60-ton heavies in four years of war, a type which we did not produce at all until near the end of hostilities. Another manufactured 35,000 of the famous T-34 medium tank. Today it makes wheels and axles for railway cars. While the aircraft industry will continue in part to make planes, civilian and military, the tank industry has been converted so completely that even its name has been changed. It is now the People's Commissariat of Transport Equipment. One huge plant makes nothing but passenger cars. Others will make 250,000 freight cars in five years, chiefly at an immense plant in the Urals.

River Rouge on the Volga

Five years hence the Ford River Rouge works will have to share the honor of being the largest peacetime industrial unit in the world when the Soviet factory at Gorky on the Volga reaches its ultimate limit of 90,000 workers. The first units of this plant were designed by Ford engineers and its machinery was American-made, but its postwar expansion will be entirely Soviet. It will then be making 300,000 vehicles a year, mainly trucks, 50 percent more than all Soviet plants put together in 1937.

In no industry has reconversion been easy. Textile mills, for example, would seem to require merely the adjustment of grades from military to civilian requirements, and the conversion of print-machines from camouflage designs to less somber patterns. But textiles mean cotton, and in wartime well over a third of the cotton fields of Central Asia were planted to grain after the loss of the Ukrainian bread basket. Meanwhile people were reduced to wearing tatters and rags, so that three times as much cotton as was produced in 1944 will be needed for the expanded textile industry a couple of years hence. Even with the planned irrigation of millions of acres of desert in exotic Uzbekistan and Azerbaijan, new lands will be needed. They are to be opened in the southern Ukraine. But here the Russians face their other great problem—reconstruction. The Soviet areas held by the Germans, with 88 million people, had exactly half of the power plants. After the Germans removed and shipped home some 14,000 steam boilers, 1,400 turbines and 11,300 generators, they neatly short-circuited and burned out those which remained. Finally, they blew up the Dnieper Dam so effectively that it will produce no power until the end of 1946 and will not reach capacity production for three years after that.

Bigger Than Grand Coulee

Most of the equipment for the Dnieper Dam has been ordered in the United States, but that power plant produced only one-tenth of the destroyed capacity. What of the rest? Here Joseph Stalin's prewar insistence that Russia build chiefly "heavy" industries is turning out to be the saving factor in the situation, as it was during the war. The First Five-Year Plan, 1928-32, was hailed as an industrial miracle throughout the world. But in the all-out war year of 1944, with armaments having first priority everywhere, Russia installed as much new power capacity as in that entire five-year period!

That capacity came largely from a plant whose resurrection typifies Russia today. Electrosila means Electric Power. It is the name of an enormous Leningrad factory for the manufacture of generators, comparable in size to Westinghouse or General Electric. For thirty months, from August, 1941, to January, 1944, its huge bulk, easily visible from the front lines, taunted the German besiegers in their trenches round the city. Knowing that it was being used for war production, they bombed it repeatedly, shelled it daily. Official reports state that the plant was hit by "hundreds" of

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William Mandel, who has lived extensively in Russia, has been a consultant on that country for some years, as special writer for the United Press and as research associate for the American Russian Institute. He is the author of The Soviet Far East and Central Asia, *and his new book,* The Union of Soviet Republics, *will be published in the spring by the Dial Press.*

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bombs and "thousands" of shells. It is only two years since it shuddered under the last artillery salvo. *Yet in 1945 Electrosila turned out power-generating equipment equal to the full capacity of the Dnieper Dam, largest in Europe.*

Other plants in Leningrad are performing similar miracles. The microscope is one of the most exact precision instruments known. Its lenses and micrometer focusing must be machined to hairline tolerance. Manufacture requires the highest level of skill and accuracy. Twelve thousand, enough to reëquip scores of wrecked colleges, were made in Leningrad in 1945, one year after the end of the siege. So were 1,500 movie projectors, to bring a little pleasure into the lives of the people of the devasted areas. Leningrad is also making radar equipment, never before produced in the USSR.

The linotype is another machine of utmost complexity. It consists of 6,500 parts, and requires 2,000 special tools for its manufacture. In 1946 one Leningrad plant is scheduled to make 230 linotypes, enough to equip the biggest newspaper on earth several times over.

Resurrection of the Ukraine

Leningrad was never actually occupied by the Germans, although it was starved and shelled for two and a half years. The Ukraine was. In the Ukraine there is a small territory, like our Pittsburgh-Youngstown area, which is the Ruhr of Russia, a solid succession of coal mines, steel mills and manufacturing plants. It is called the Donbas. More than half of it falls within the jurisdiction of the "state" of Stalino. With one-sixtieth of Russia's people, Stalino produced 40 percent of its coke, 40 percent of its salt, 30 percent of its coal and pig iron and 23 percent of its steel. The German demolition squads were particularly careful not to leave anything in this area in shape to be used. Their efforts were a monument to Teuton thoroughness. When Soviet industrial experts, rushed into the area on the heels of their advancing troops in September, 1943, took a census, they were appalled. Ninety-nine and a half percent of the productive capacity was gone or out of order.

In July of 1945, 22 months after the district was liberated, the Russians took another industrial census in Stalino. Machines were running under the open sky. Workers wheeled their barrows around gaping shell holes. But over-all production was already at 57 percent of prewar. Heavy industry, with its huge requirements in massive equipment, was not doing as well, but was on the way to recovery. Pig iron and steel production was a little over one-quarter of normal: ingenious engineers had performed the unprecedented feat of jacking up entire blast furnaces and moving them back into position on their foundation. Coal mining was doing even better. Two-fifths of the prewar output was being dug each day, for the Russians had learned how to drain mines without pumps.

There are no over-all coal-mining figures for the Donbas for the latter half of 1945. However, we do know this. In the five years from 1933 to 1937, Soviet heavy-machinery plants manufactured 64 mine hoists, huge heavy-duty elevators complete with pit-head equipment capable of lowering them thousands of feet into the earth; and in 100 days of 1945, from August to November, 27 were built.

Efficiency, Plus

This speed-up in the heavy-machinery industry was not limited to coal-mining equipment. The Russians have learned a great deal as a result of leap-frogging their industry eastward in the early years of the war and putting it back into operation in record time because there was no other choice. Everybody, from Stalin down to the common laborer on a railway gang, is sold on the idea that what could be done in war can be repeated in peace. They are sick and tired of hardship, and the man in the street is convinced that the faster he helps get the country on its feet, the sooner he himself will benefit.

To Ivan the new records aren't just figures. They mean better living, and he is willing to put in every bit of brain and brawn that he can, in order to get it that much quicker. He knows that there will be more bread on his table—and an end to the monotonous bread diet of wartime—if there is more steel for farm machinery and the plants to build it. He knew in wartime that the more efficient he became, the sooner the fighting would end. So in 1944 the Russians got 10 percent more pig iron out of every

Russell in the Los Angeles Times

The Vital Link

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ton of coke than in 1940, and 15 percent more electricity out of every ton of fuel.

The heaviest of steel-rolling equipment is the huge blooming-mill. It takes the output of two great blast furnaces and 30 open hearths to keep one of these giants fed. Before the war the United States had made 13 of them in 10 years, and, except for the USSR, had virtually a world monopoly on their construction. Now the Soviet Union is building seven in three years.

Reconstruction and Foreign Trade

The record of reconstruction to date, chiefly while the country was still at war, makes it clear that the Russians can go it alone if they have to. They did so in the twenties, after six years of world war and civil strife drove the steel industry back to the level of the reign of Peter the Great, 250 years ago, and reduced all production to one-seventh of the level of Czarist Russia in 1913. In the 20 years from 1920 to 1940, industrial production multiplied 84 times over the civil-war low.

In the twenties the Russians had no choice but to pull themselves up by their own bootstraps—and by tightening their belts. Their credit was no good. This time they can count on some repairs and, probably, on foreign loans, for they have established the highest credit standing in the world. They can use both, in addition to their own production, for the cost of the war in national wealth was staggering.

Take housing. Six million buildings, occupied by 25 million people, were destroyed. (Two-thirds of them, by the way, had been privately owned homes.) Today their owners live in caves, storm cellars, abandoned army dugouts and barracks. A lucky few, who have hung up outstanding records as reconstruction workers, have already been moved into prefabricated homes, some of them obtained from Finland as reparations. Most of them are herded together under conditions intolerable even for Russian workmen and peasants, whose pre-revolutionary idea of luxury was a whole room for a family.

The government itself, which has been reduced to classifying as housing anything above-ground with four walls and a roof, does not claim that more than one-third of the homeless have been rehoused. The last cave-dwellers will be out of their holes in the ground in another year, but it will be five before decent housing—by Soviet standards—will be restored. This means a three-room apartment or bungalow per family, with plumbing in the cities, without it in the countryside.

The need for outside help in regard to housing is indicated by what happened to the lumber and cement industries. The former was 30-percent destroyed, the latter 50. This pertains to the prewar capacity as a whole, not merely the occupied areas. The Russians do not want to import lumber and cement, but they want sawmill and lumbering equipment, and rock-crushing and other machinery for the cement mills.

Lumber illustrates the relation between reparations and foreign trade. German sawmill capacity was only one-eighth of Russia's, which has the biggest forest lands in the world. Finland, a country of much lumbering for its size, nevertheless produced only half as much sawn wood as Germany. Therefore, if the Russians were to strip Finland completely, as well as all four occupation zones in Germany—something they do not demand in either case—they would recover a sawmill capacity little more than half as large as that which they lost. Although, on the basis of prewar expansion, the Russians could do the whole job themselves in three years, housing cannot wait, and they'd be grateful for the chance to chop off a year through foreign purchases of sawmill equipment.

The railroads offer an even more striking illustration. Russia lost 428,000 freight cars in the war, nearly half of her prewar rolling stock. Judging by what Allied bombings did to the German railroads, and the effects of years of wear-and-tear without replacement, the percentage which the Russians can recover in reparations will be small indeed. Yet the Russians will be able to make only 250,000 cars in the next five years. Little wonder that Stalin told an American congressional delegation that Russia wants to buy 150,000 in this country.

The Russians sent many of their better young engineers and production men over here during the war. American executives whose plants they visited reported them to be the hardest-working group they had ever known. The Russians had been sold on the superiority of American equipment and methods during the thirties, when their orders literally saved our machine-tool industry—basis of the wartime "Arsenal of Democracy"—from extinction. (In 1930 and 1931 they took 18.3 and 27.5 percent of our industrial-equipment exports.) But what they saw in wartime opened their eyes even wider. To their credit be it said that they adopted much of what they saw, despite the difficulties of wartime and the fact that only a handful of American engineers could be spared to go there. They installed conveyor methods of production in their plane and tank plants. They replaced hand-made sand molds in their foundries by coquilles and mechanical molds. They replaced forging by stamping in handling metal sheets.

What We Stand to Gain

The over-all potential Russian market for American goods and services is estimated at a minimum of a billion dollars a year—ten times as much as they ever bought here before the war. Ultimately, of course, exports must be paid for with imports, and they increase employment in the exporting country only as long as

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the goods sent out have a higher labor cost, dollar for dollar, than the goods which come in. Russia has plenty of exports which the United States needs—furs, timber, pulpwood, certain rare metals, caviar, to name only a few. At the moment, however, she requires larger credits in the United States than her immediate exports to us would pay for. A loan to the USSR at present would be good business for us as well as for them.

The benefits to the United States from Soviet trade would extend to every section of the population. With Washington beginning to talk of a scarcity economy for agriculture, in view of the lack of paying customers abroad, Stalin's offer to buy a million tons of food could well give this country an extra year of grace in which to move toward a solution of our farm problem. Likewise, with the machine-tool industry again threatened with starvation rations, as it was fifteen years ago, by the tremendous over-expansion of our economy in terms of available purchasing power, Stalin's pledge to buy 40,000 to 50,000 machine tools—if he gets the credit—could literally mean the difference between life and death for a key industry. And the fact is—as demonstrated by the record of reconversion cited above—that refusal to extend the $6 billion loan in question would not even attain the ends sought by American reaction, for it would do no more than delay Soviet reconstruction a twelvemonth, maybe two. As for repayment, it will be noted that the Soviet loan is much smaller, in proportion to Russia's economy, than those recently negotiated for Britain and China. And few will dispute the fact that the Soviet economy is the healthiest of the three.

Veterans Welcome

by Louis Falstein

THE YOUNG MAN wearing a "ruptured duck" in his lapel may not be the most popular guy in the world with the housing authorities or the employment agencies, which are downright ashamed of their meager offerings, but there are more than half a hundred outfits who shout a lusty welcome to our hero. These are the veterans' organizations, and they're out for big business. The ruptured duck, so far as the mushrooming legions are concerned, is a soaring eagle, and nothing is too good for the man who wears one. Thirteen million men and women will eventually be veterans; add their families, and the sum total means a sizable chunk of influence for good or bad.

Heading the vast array of ex-servicemen's organizations are the Big Two: the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Both have been in business a long time and are well aware that their considerable prestige can be maintained only by striking out for the new returnee. The AL and the VFW have set aside great sums of money for high-powered campaigns that reach out to the prospective veteran while he's still overseas. The Legion is reputed to have a hundred million in the kitty, with a plan for setting up a radio station, FM, television, all working toward the goal of five million members by 1947.

It's a long haul, but the AL is in an advantageous position to get the desired quota of 3,300,000 new members. The influence it wields, particularly in small towns throughout the country, is undeniably strong. Like the VFW, the Legion is firmly established with its rituals, halls, bars, billiard rooms and occasional parades down Main Street to show off the brand-new veteran to admiring and cheering crowds. There's the handshake and the slap on the shoulder and a few drinks. Then a promise of the old job back, perhaps, or the "let's-see-what-we-can-do-for-you" attitude. The pressure is strong, and the small-town veteran joins, in the end, not only for the social and economic benefits, but because it is the prudent thing to do. In the larger cities, where social outlet is greater and more varied, the Big Two are making slower progress.

Six hundred thousand new veterans have joined the American Legion in the past few years. The old men are still in control, but the young voices are being heard. The recent convention, held in Chicago, was the soberest in years, and a new, serious note was injected into the deliberations. A move to deny charters to new Labor Legionnaire Posts, of which there are already more than a hundred, was defeated on the convention floor. The Labor Legionnaire Conference proposed some resolutions that would have brought down upon it the wrath of the Americanization Committee in the past. Among the proposals were: action on the full-employment bill; condemnation of the Wall Street Post for an "Americanism" award to Cecil B. De Mille; opposing the National Convention's going on record regarding compulsory military training, until all men were out of uniform and able to vote on the subject. The Labor Legionnaires urged the convention to reverse its previous stand on immigration; to encourage the passage of the 65-cents-an-hour minimum-wage bill and abolition of the poll tax; to endorse the winter clothing drive for the Yugoslavian people. The labor resolutions were not adopted, but for the first

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Louis Falstein, recently discharged from the Army, flew 50 missions with the 15th Air Force. Now in New York, he is working on short stories and a novel.

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time in its career, the AL Convention listened to a CIO speaker. Its final decisions were no model of progressivism, but it would be wrong to assume that the powerful American Legion, which contains so many new veterans, can be ignored and shunned.

The VFW, older but numerically smaller than the AL, has, on the whole, been the more liberal of the two. There is no doubt that the 800,000 new members —out of a total of 1,000,000—have to a great extent generated the fresh breeze now coursing through the smoky VFW halls. Several posts have collaborated with trade unions on issues pertaining to veterans. These moves have not been discouraged by the top leadership, which is committed to expansion. The organization's great enticement is a proposal for a Big Bonus which is calculated to give the veteran a huge amount of money, a maximum of $5,000 per man.

Both organizations make grudging provisions for Negro veterans, who are shunted into posts of their own. The AL has posts for women, while the VFW decided at its recent annual encampment in Chicago to postpone the woman problem until next year.

TRAILING the Big Two is a roster of new veterans' organizations, ranging from budding progressivism to outright pro-fascism. Gerald L. K. Smith, of the America First Party, is the chief-of-staff of the Nationalist Veterans of World War II. Smith wants the white "Christian" veterans only. "My time will come," warns the bombastic disciple of the late, unlamented Huey Long, "in the postwar period, in the election of '48. The candidate will not be me—it will be a young veteran of this war—but I'll be behind him. If business conditions are bad—inflation, widespread unemployment, farm foreclosures—then my candidate will be elected."

Edward J. Smythe, a defendant in the sedition trial of 1944, has hatched the Protestant War Veterans, "a voluntary association of white gentiles of the Protestant faith who served in any of the wars of the Republic." He advocates a bonus of $1,000 for every discharged veteran.

Joe McWilliams, the Yorkville Führer who has managed so successfully to keep out of trouble with the law, put his pro-fascist cronies to shame with his stupendous "Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan" which "will utterly destroy the long prepared program of the Marxists." And the way to achieve this is by "the just payment of $7,800 to our several million militarily trained young men and their establishment as business-owning citizens. . . ." The Chicago *Tribune*, an old hand at protecting "the American way," has supported the plan.

There was a time when the Shrine of the Little Flower out at Royal Oak, Michigan, was known among Detroiters as the Shrine of the Little Swastika. *Social Justice* was banned in '42, but you can't keep a good man down. Father Coughlin, whose heart "bled for the people," formed the Saint Sebastian Brigade, this time to "help" the soldier. He collected 400,000 names of servicemen from wives, mothers and sweethearts, and he prayed with equal fervor for all of them to St. Sebastian, the soldier's patron saint. There was an incidental charge for the services, amounting to $700,000. The St. Sebastian Brigade is not a veterans' organization, but Father Coughlin, who never lets go of a good thing, should obviously be closely watched by the government, the Catholic Church and the people.

Behind these well known rabble-rousers are the smaller fry, and the list of their sponsors reads like Who's Who at a sedition trial. They're out in force to snatch the confused, disgruntled and embittered ex-serviceman. And unless something is done immediately to improve conditions for the new civilian, the fascists in our midst will reap a rich harvest.

Fortunately, the rabble-rousers do not have the field to themselves. Liberal and progressive groups are being formed throughout the country, some as small "committees," others as fledgling organizations of veterans. Then there are those who appeal to limited groups, like the Jewish War Veterans, Catholic War Veterans, Italian-American World War Veterans, Blinded Veterans' Association, Bilateral Leg Amputee Club of America, and others. One of the smallest but most active is New York's Veterans Against Discrimination. Born as a result of John O'Donnell's vicious attacks against minorities in the New York *Daily News*, the committee's main function is picketing. The veterans picketed the *News* offices, and carried the fight to the large stores advertising in that paper. For whatever reason, some of the large advertisers in the *News* have recently withdrawn their copy. Veterans in other cities are emulating New York's example.

OF THE moderately successful new groups, the American Veterans of World War II, Amvets, has been bogged down recently by a series of splits and factional fights on the question of labor. The smoke of battle has not cleared, and it is too early to pass final judgment.

The American Veterans' Committee, comparatively new in the field, but highly publicized in recent months due to its effective work on behalf of housing for veterans, is emerging as one of the important organizations. The Committee's "Statement of Intentions" says: "We look forward to . . . living in freedom from the threat of another war. . . . We are associating ourselves with American men and women, regardless of race, creed or color, who are serving with or have been honorably discharged from the armed forces, merchant marine, or allied forces. . . ." Its aims include: "Adequate financial, medical, vocational and educational assistance for every veteran. Thorough social and eco-

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nomic security. Free speech, press, worship, assembly and ballot. . . . Active participation of the United States in UNO. . . . Establishment of an international veterans' council for the furtherance of world peace and justice among the peoples of all nations."

The AVC, with forty chapters in the states, is scheduled to hold its Constitutional Convention in Des Moines in March, at which time the committee will be transformed into a full-fledged veterans' organization.

The young man with the ruptured duck is skeptical and cautious, as a result of his bitter experiences with authorities, promises and flowing phrases. He is justifiably disillusioned with the state of our nation, and the great danger is that he will retire into himself to sulk alone. A greater danger is that he will be attracted by the fascist groups who will direct his disillusionment into their own channels. It is incumbent on all progressive veterans' groups to speak out boldly on the pressing issues of the day; to take sides with men who act for progress. Show the veteran the proper path, and trust his intelligence.

Atomic Power: Next Steps

I. Bootlegging Atomic-Bomb Materials

by Clarke Williams

THE ATOMIC-BOMB scientists and engineers are almost unanimous in their belief in the need for an international control of atomic energy. It seems fairly clear to us that such control involves a rather complete inspection system carried on by some international agency. Because of the ease with which an assembled bomb can be concealed, the only way to create a worldwide feeling of security against atomic-bomb attacks is to ensure that no bombs are being constructed. Such insurance can be obtained through an effective inspection to detect violations of the regulations of the international control agency.

In order to set up such inspection, two phases of the problem must be solved: one is political; the other, technological. We realize that the over-all question of international inspection is primarily a political one. The two phases, however, are completely interrelated, and really require simultaneous solution.

The political problem concerns itself with such questions as: (1) the setting up of an international-control agreement; (2) provision for the free access of inspectors to all critical points under such safeguards for individual rights as are necessary; and (3) provision for enforcement of regulations. Problems such as these must be solved before any inspection force can operate effectively enough to produce a feeling of security throughout the world.

The other phase of the feasibility of inspection is the technological one. An answer must be obtained to this question: Is it feasible to inspect operations of various sorts in all countries so that there is very little possibility of clandestine production of fissionable material or diversion of such material which is produced in legitimate plants?

I have discussed the problem of international inspection with a large number of my associates in the New York laboratories and in the gaseous-diffusion plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I have also had the opportunity for such discussion with representative scientists from the other groups within our Federation. And I have found it generally true that within the limits of his own field, each scientist feels that techniques for inspection can be worked out. However, the compartmentalization is so complete that no one person is in a position to consider the feasibility of inspection covering the whole range of methods for producing fissionable materials. Five different methods of doing this are known to have been successfully developed in this country; but as just stated, most of the information that would be needed in developing a feasible inspection system is now secret and compartmentalized. Should a group of scientists and engineers be selected to make a suitable integration, they should have completely free access to *all* the necessary material and have every opportunity for full discussion with experts in all fields.

To illustrate my point, I would like to indicate the sort of questions that would be raised in considering the feasibility of inspection of a gaseous-diffusion plant for separating uranium-235. I have chosen this example because I have been working on the development of

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This is the first of a series of three articles on problems related to atomic power. The second article, by Dr. Alvin Weinberg, will discuss "Peacetime Uses of Nuclear Power."

Dr. Clarke Williams is a physicist, on the faculty of the College of the City of New York since 1930, who worked on the atomic-bomb project for four years. His article is based on his recent testimony before the special committee on atomic energy of the United States Senate. — THE EDITORS

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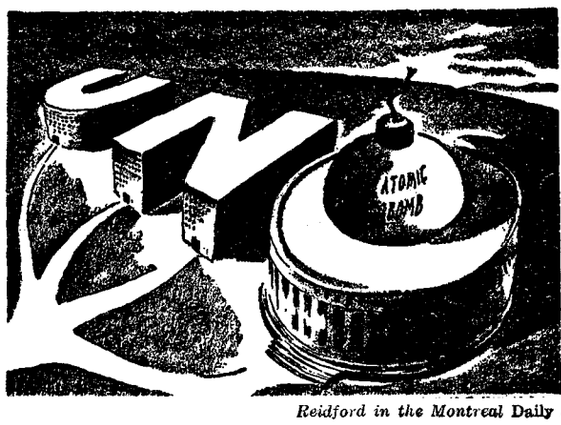
this method for the past four years. Some of the questions raised, however, will be applicable to the other methods as well.

THE PROBLEM can be divided into two parts: First, to ensure that no material is illegally diverted from known plants; and second, to discover any attempts to build and operate a secret diffusion plant. If a plant is operating, openly or secretly, one basic check that may be suggested is to keep an inventory on all uranium from the ore reserves, through the mining, refining and processing, to the final product and wastes. If this is feasible, it would be a very powerful method for preventing the misuse of products of the diffusion plants. Specialists in the fields of geology and mining, in metallurgy, in uranium and fluorine chemistry and in the gaseous-diffusion process itself, would all be needed to work out this problem.

The problem of developing methods for the discovery of a secret plant involves a detailed knowledge of all the components that go into such a plant, such as pumps, instruments, special materials, etc. Some of the components may be unique in their construction or in the materials from which they are made, and may, therefore, be relatively easy to identify. It might then be simple to determine whether they were being diverted from legitimate uses to secret diffusion plants.

For example, there are several thousand centrifugal pumps in the gaseous-diffusion plant. These pumps have certain characteristic features such that anyone with some familiarity with centrifugal pumps could recognize them in any factory. There are only a few manufacturers in this country who could build such pumps. To build several thousand secretly would be very difficult, unless it were done on a very small scale. The delay attendant on small-scale production would involve a long period of plant construction, again increasing the probability of detection.

Another characteristic item in a diffusion plant is the barrier material. Here is a unique material which has to be made and fabricated on a large scale. Such manufacture would be extremely difficult to conceal.



Reidford in the Montreal Daily Star

In a New Setting

The amount of power needed to operate a diffusion plant is large. Power experts can determine whether such quantities could be diverted from existing electrical networks without the possibility of detection by competent inspectors. As an alternative, the power could be produced directly from fuels available at the site. In this case, the power expert could determine whether equipment could be manufactured and installed without the likelihood of detection.

Engineers who have been instrumental in laying out the present plant could give details as to how extensive the preparation of a plant site must be. This would indicate to experts on photo-reconnaissance the difficulty of building such a plant so as to escape detection by aerial or other systematic surveys of all remote territories.

It is also pertinent to question whether a diffusion plant which was already completed and hidden could be detected. Improvements will undoubtedly be made in the design of the various components of these plants, which will certainly result in an increased efficiency. This would make it probable that any plants built in the future could be much more compact than the present one, and hence much more difficult to locate once they have been secretly completed. In the fact that such plants would be more difficult to find once they are built lies a powerful argument for hastening the establishment of an inspection system on a worldwide basis.

IN ADDITION to the inspection of all physical aspects of atomic-bomb plants and their raw materials, there may be viable methods of inspection involving the scientific and technical personnel necessary to develop, design and operate such plants. The questions that must be answered to determine the feasibility of these methods involve the following points:

1. The possibility of making a complete check of all the scientific and technical personnel in every country to ensure that no important number are being secretly trained and diverted for the development and construction of large-scale atomic-bomb plants.

2. Any intended violation by a given country of the international-control agreement will of necessity be known to some of the scientific and technical personnel in that country. Because of their overwhelming desire for maintaining the security of the world, we feel that there will always be a certain percentage of these scientists and technical men who will report violations to the international-control commission. On this account, international and national laws should encourage and offer definite protection to those who report violations.

3. In order to prevent the secret disappearance of key scientific and technical personnel and in order to detect discoveries and developments which may lead to new methods for the production of fissionable material and atomic weapons, it is desirable that there be a rather thoroughgoing interchange of scientists and technical men. In addition, as a further safeguard,

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there should be complete freedom of publication of all scientific and technical discoveries and developments.

Undoubtedly no system of inspection could be absolutely certain to prevent secret production or diversion of fissionable material for illegitimate uses. However, under a good inspection system, the chance of evading inspectors becomes small, so small, in fact, that in all probability the risk of being caught in a violation would deter any nation from such an attempt. Furthermore, a good inspection system would create among all nations a greater feeling of confidence in the behavior of their neighbors. Such a feeling of security would in itself render the secret production of atomic armaments much less likely.

While the scientists and engineers seem to feel that an international system is technically feasible, it is quite clear that an adequate study of this problem has yet to be made. Statements concerning feasibility have been based upon the limited information available to individuals. A complete picture involves the ideas and information of many experts, within and without the atomic-bomb projects. Until some means of coördinating this information is provided, a real analysis of the feasibility problem cannot be made.

Return of a Hero

by Ralph G. Martin

WHEN HE passed by Bub Wolfe's drug store, a man spotted him and came walking over fast, his face wide open in a smile, his hand outstretched. "Sure glad to see you again, Ben," he said. "We been reading about you in the newspapers and magazines and been hearing you on the radio. We folks are sure proud of you, Ben."

The words were warm and friendly but they made him feel awkward. He wanted to say something clever or else start laughing to change the subject, but instead he heard himself saying, "I just did my job."

That happened all day long, people stopping him on the street, pumping his hand, slapping his back, smiling at him, telling him what a big hero he was and how he really put Hershey, Nebraska, on the map. Then there were the kids. Wherever he went, they stopped whatever they were doing to stare at him, counting aloud all his ribbons and battle stars and arguing among themselves which was the Distinguished Flying Cross and which was the Pacific Theatre ribbon. One kid walked up to him and shyly asked, "Are you really Ben Kuroki?" When Ben smiled and said yes, the kid's mouth just fell open and all he could say was, "Gee. . . ."

This was his home town, these were his neighbors. Most of the memories of his 27 years were tied up with them. This man had got him his first permit to trap beaver, that woman was one of his classmates, this little girl was the daughter of his best friend, that man used to work on their farm. He knew them all. Never once had there been a single instance, a single word to let him know that his skin was yellow and theirs white.

Until Pearl Harbor Day. He had gone to that pool hall across the street to pick up a case of beer and some farmer had looked straight at him and said in a loud voice, "Well, I guess the Japs in this town are really celebrating tonight."

How sharply it still stuck in his mind: the words, the man, the room. And he remembered how he seemed to freeze, sort of a physical-mental paralysis. He couldn't move, couldn't say anything, couldn't even think. Everything was just a big white blot. Then, somehow, he was walking in the street, walking quickly without knowing where, filled with a hot rush of anger, thinking of the million things he should have said and done. Why hadn't he socked the guy; why didn't he tell everybody that he and his brother Fred already had decided to enlist in the Army the next morning?

That was four years ago, and yet it still hurt to think of it, even though it was such a small slap compared to all the things that had happened to him in the Army:

"Are you Chinese? No? Filipino? No? What? A Jap? Then what the hell are you doing in the American Army? We don't need your kind."

But everything was all right now. He had proved himself. And this was Hershey, his home. These were his friends. In Hershey, he knew that people were judged as individuals, not by who their father was or by their skin color or the church they prayed in.

This was his Hershey, a tiny hunk of American democracy sitting on both sides of U. S. Highway 30, only 13 miles from North Platte, but you have to slow down or you might miss it. This was Hershey—sugar beets, corn, potatoes, cattle and 487 people. And when farmer Ben Lind hurt his leg and couldn't shuck his corn, somebody spread the news on the party line. That afternoon, Lind's farm was filled with neighbors shucking his corn, neighbors with all kinds of accents—Swedish, German, Italian, Irish, Japanese. But they were all friends and neighbors, all Americans. And when the federal government clamped down on the bank accounts of the Japanese Americans, the Kurokis had a sudden rush of neighbors dropping in to offer what help they could.

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These memories kept him going when the Army repeatedly turned down his requests for combat; when he found himself doing KP four times as often as anybody else; when he stopped taking passes to town because there was always some drunk who spotted him and started yelling; when he discovered that an FBI agent was trailing him all the time, even after he had been checked and doublechecked; and when he cried himself to sleep because he was so lonely for somebody to talk to.

THINKING of these things, Ben found himself automatically walking toward the school. It looked the same, except maybe a little smaller. Across the street the cows were still mooing and chewing in the field next to the church.

Soon he was inside, walking into the auditorium, hunting up his old desk to look for some scratched initials. All that fun that he and Bill Diamond and Gordy Jorgenson used to have in this room throwing spitballs and secretly chewing tobacco. And that class play they were all in. He was a French butler with a mustache and a goatee that always kept falling off, Bill Diamond was dressed up like a girl, and Gordy had the leading role because he was the handsomest. Gordy was dead now.

There was his graduation picture, the whole class of 14 students. How dressed-up and serious he looked. He must have known that the best fun was finished.

When Ben turned around, there was a thin, tall, graying teacher quickly coming over to introduce herself. "You must be Ben Kuroki," she said. "You don't know me, but of course I know all about you. I taught most of your younger brothers and sisters. Are you going to see the principal now?"

The new principal was a solidly built, serious young man who soon explained that he also taught several subjects as well as being athletic coach and owning a grocery store. He had talked to a lot of students and he knew how much they admired Ben, and so would Ben please tell them some of his experiences? He could fill the auditorium in five minutes. Ben smiled, nodded. "Okay," he said.

He looked at their faces. Their ages ranged from the small, grade-school kids to the fuzzy-faced adolescents to the slightly swaggering seniors. War to them was still heroic and romantic like in the movies. What should he tell them?

First he told them what he knew they wanted to hear. He told them about some of the raids he was on. Bizerte, Tunis, Naples, Messina, Rome, Wilhelmshaven, Ploesti. He told what thick flak looked like and how some of it once tore through his plane's tail and almost killed him; how he saw planes explode in midair, disappearing completely; what it was like in that night raid over Tokyo when his B-29 was bathed in searchlights for five full minutes; how it felt to sweat out every day's raid coming back to stare at an empty bunk that last night belonged to a buddy who was alive.

He told about all the red tape he had to cut, that he had to get special permission from the Secretary of War himself before he could become a tail gunner. Then when he told why he tried so hard to get into combat, his voice was low, full of feeling, as if he were giving out his deepest secret.

It was because there were different kinds of Americans in his Liberator crew—Jewish, Polish, German, Italian, and even a full-blooded Indian. That, to him, was Democracy with a capital D. He was fighting for that.

Out in the street again, Ben walked with a light step, lazily thinking that maybe he'd go home and wander around the farm. He wondered if there was still a hole in that irrigation ditch where he used to go swimming until four in the morning sometimes.

HE WAS PASSING the pool room when an old neighbor said hello and started asking him friendly questions about how he felt being home and what his plans were. Then the old man whispered, "Say, Ben, you can tell me this. Is it really true that the other Japanese farmer near you had a short-wave radio set and used to send messages to Japan?"

Ben started to laugh and then he suddenly realized that this man was serious. He didn't know what to say. The man was waiting for an answer. Finally, his words came slowly. "I hardly think so," he said.

When he walked away, he kept trying to rearrange the whole conversation in his mind. It was just one of those things, he told himself. Rumors like that will start anywhere, even Hershey. But it didn't mean anything here. Hell, he knew these people.

Later that afternoon he heard something else. His landlord and a gas-station attendant almost got into a fist fight because his landlord had said that Japanese American tenants were just as reliable as any white tenant he ever had. That gas attendant and he were always kidding each other whenever he went there. Ben triple-checked it; it was true. But it didn't make sense.

He was disturbed now, but he felt better when he dropped in at Bub Wolfe's place. Bub was always cracking jokes and this time a whole bunch of Ben's old buddies were there. They had all grown up together from hide-and-go-seek, to basketball, to war.

"Why don't you come down to the Legion meeting with us now?" said Gordy's younger brother, Virge. "All the boys you know will be there. Plenty of beer, too."

Sure, he'd go, he said. He planned to join several veterans' organizations before he made up his mind which was his.

The Legion hall was on the top floor of a two-story building. It was a big room that badly needed cleaning. Next to the door was a small, pot-bellied stove, already

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getting red from too much heat. In back of the desk was a huge American flag and on the wall right next to it was a rifle complete with bayonet, World War I style. In the center of the room were three full cases of beer.

Sitting behind the desk was the post commander, young enough to be the son of either of the two men who flanked him. "The old Legionnaires gave him the job just to prove that they really intend to hand over the Legion to us World War II veterans," said Virge. "Those old boys deserve a lot of credit for keeping the Legion going until we got back. It almost died out a lot of times."

ON THE post commander's left was a big, heavy man, the only one in the room wearing a Legion cap. On his right was a thin man with a small face. The other older men sat next to each other in small clusters, most of them tired-looking farmers, not talking much.

When the room was almost full, the thin man whispered something to the post commander and the post commander then loudly called the meeting to order and the big, heavy man started reading the roll call. Most of the names called weren't present. Virge explained it, "They're still in the Army. Their folks and friends signed up for them. Some of them won't even know they're in the Legion until they get back."

Next on the agenda was the treasurer's report. It was the thin man behind the desk telling that they paid so much for the band and so much for that damn government tax and that left them only $20 net profit on the last dance they had. While he was talking, four more older men came in, walking a little unsteadily, greeting all their friends in too-loud voices. The older members smiled nervously.

The trio behind the desk held a quick powwow and decided it was time to induct the new members. The post commander finally persuaded one of the older men to act as sergeant-at-arms and somebody else got the Legion flag, which was embroidered with "Paul R. Martin Post 279." Then the acting sergeant coughed and said, "You boys fall in here."

Being one of the few still in uniform, Ben felt awkward. But then, so did the others. They shuffled around slowly, looking sheepishly at each other. The commander very quickly read the Legion laws and oath. It was too fast for Ben to absorb all of it but he caught such phrases as "justice and equality," "democracy for all," and "without prejudice of race, color or creed."

It was done. He was a member. The commander was shaking hands with each of them and the treasurer was collecting the $2 initiation fee and selling Legion emblems. Most of the recruits bought them. Then the almost-forgotten sergeant barked out with, "Okay, boys, you can sit down now."

After the short ceremony, the treasurer broke the silence by whispering with embarrassing loudness to the post commander, "Go ahead, tell them about getting new members. Go ahead, tell them."

The post commander seemed ready to say something to the treasurer, looked around and thought better of it. He went into a snappy sales talk on how every new member ought to pledge himself to get another member so that they could really build up the post.

That seemed to satisfy the treasurer, who then brought up the subject of how to get more money into the treasury. Since the dance didn't do it, he suggested they ought to have a barbecue with an attached gambling concession. There was a man in North Platte who would guarantee them either a percentage of the profits or a flat guarantee if they let him take charge of the gambling set-up. Another Legion Post did the same thing and made $19,000 profit. He himself didn't believe it until he met a farmer friend of his who personally admitted that he had lost $1,500 there in one night. The last he heard was that the firemen in town were thinking of doing the same thing, so he suggested that they beat them to the punch. A committee should be formed right away to get all the details, he said. After a quick vote, the committee was chosen.

THAT DONE, the commander mentioned the matter of getting a memorial plaque in honor of their war dead. He read different descriptions from a fancy folder, giving each price.

"They're pretty expensive," said the treasurer. "I'll bet some goddam Jew owns all those companies. They own everything else in this country."

A man near Ben chimed in, "Yeah, those Jews can't think of anything else but making money." There was some more of the same.

Ben froze. He wanted to ask them if they had forgotten so quickly the words in that Legion oath, the ones about equality and democracy. He wanted to plead with them to remember that if they let intolerance sneak inside of them now they would never again be able to treat people as individuals, but as colors and religions and creeds. Then there would be no more of that wonderful democracy in Hershey.

He wanted to say, "Don't make me feel that I fought for nothing."

But he said nothing. His tongue was paralyzed, like so many times before when people had called him names. And soon it was too late. The meeting was over. The men were grabbing bottles of beer and somebody was yelling at him over the noise of the crowd, "Say, Ben, you wanna play a little poker?"

The street was dark and empty and cold and he suddenly felt lonely. In the car, driving home, he remembered something the principal had told him after his speech:

"Now, Ben, wouldn't it be wonderful if the boys coming home could really practise the kind of democracy they were supposed to have fought for?"

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Washington Notes

Kaiser Blankets the Budget

A CRISP, FAIR, winter day . . . I hurried over to the White House to hear President Truman's first budget seminar. Why didn't the little cluster of reporters leave the lobby—? Because Henry J. Kaiser was just coming out, along with Phil Murray. They had just announced to the President that they had made peace; that one day after Big Steel Fairless had refused to sign and announced his willingness to precipitate a nationwide steel strike by rejecting the President's compromise 18.5-cent proposal, Mr. Kaiser had signed up.

Well, there we were, torn between the President's seminar and the magnetic presence of Henry Kaiser. He's a broad, stubby, burly man. He has short, powerful arms which he waves when he gets excited, and he was waving them now. Kaiser always reminds me, somehow, of a woodchuck. I say this in no uncomplimentary sense. A New England woodchuck knows his way around, is always interested in life, and can lick a dog twice his size.

The reporters were a bit breathless. Here was a man who had previously taken on all the auto titans and was now adding all the steel titans. That's a lot of titans. Mr. Kaiser looked happy. Reporters weasel-worded their questions a bit, not knowing just how frank he wanted to be. They didn't wait long. Mr. Kaiser was aching to talk. This was no time to sing "America," he said, this was a time to act as though you believed in America; believed in the country's future and productive capacity. Think of all the pent-up postwar prosperity, he exclaimed. His arms began to pump. Think of the insignificance of the amount at issue—3.5 cents, actually two percent of the total! Mr. Kaiser didn't quite pay his direct respects to the sit-down strike the steel titans were putting on, but he left no doubt as to what he thought of their judgment.

The Kaiser statement was timed to hit a lot of uncomfortable editorial writers just when they were sitting down to figure a way out. For months they had attacked stubborn labor and now the manufacturers had to go and do this to them. You could imagine them, squirming a bit in their swivel chairs that Saturday afternoon, calling for the latest ticker copy to help clear their thoughts, and getting the Kaiser blast. . . .

The President's budget seminar was a good show, too. It was held in the White House motion-picture theatre—one of the basement rooms off a long gallery connecting the main building with a wing. It's a sort of rumpus room, long and narrow and with sloping floor, the walls freshly painted blue-green. Mr. Truman was down at the front, with his fiscal experts around him. His voice came a little muffled because of the sound-proofed ceiling. About a hundred correspondents sat in the deep plush seats with their individual ash trays, trying to think of intelligent questions on the first postwar budget.

President Truman seemed abstracted. He was probably thinking about steel, too. Maybe he was thinking what Congress would do to those nicely balanced tables of statistics with all their "last six ciphers omitted." He was quiet, a little sharp and edgy, I thought; answering helpfully but not discursively, as though he wanted it over with. For the first time in 16 years the budget would require no increase in national debt; the difference between income and outgo could be met by drawing from the Treasury's substantial cash balance during the fiscal year.

Most people, incidentally, believe the budget can actually be balanced. Mr. Truman is believed to feel it wiser to make no promise now and keep the good news till later.

Well, budgets are amusing things, particularly federal budgets. When you first come to Washington you take a lot of things seriously that later seem a trifle silly. If ever there was a metaphysical abstraction in politics, it's the budget. America has no budget in any true sense. President Truman, it is true, has now offered Congress a detailed analysis of the cost of running the government and an estimate of income—the cost of preparing which has included thousands of man-hours of expert, conscientious figuring. To what avail? The whole thing is postulated on the coöperation of Congress; on the untrue theory that the legislative will carry out presidential directives, pass presidential proposals, keep taxes up and follow the President along. In other words, it's the theory of the parliamentary budget, where the legislative change of a single penny brings a test of strength, and a decisive referendum on where responsibility lies.

We don't do things that way. Mr. Truman knows in advance that the budget is just a target for Congress to knock over. He wants to keep taxes up where they are. Congress is already getting ready, however, to scrap excise taxes. If he gets half of his legislative program passed he will be lucky. Indeed, Washington presents the spectacle of two imperfectly meshed cogwheels—the White House and Congress; sometimes they touch, and sometimes they revolve, but which is turning which is always a question.

Notes.—Secretary Ickes will probably resign this spring; in anticipation, his two chief assistants have already left; Michael W. Strauss has become Reclamation Commissioner, and Abe Fortas, the Undersecretary, quit last week for private life. . . . A decade ago visitors in the Senate gallery asked first to be shown Senator Borah; now they want Bilbo. . . . Most impressive witnesses heard here in weeks were William H. Davis and William M. Leiserson, both throwing their weight against drastic labor legislation, including the Truman fact-finding bill; they had a profound effect on the committee. . . . Representative Clare Boothe Luce inserted in the *Record* the story of how the Waterbury (Conn.) high-school senior class rejected a DAR "Good Citizen Pilgrimage Award" on the ground that an organization which debars Negroes from its Constitution Hall doesn't know much about citizenship. . . . Mrs. Luce said she was proud to represent such students. . . . If Ed Pauley is confirmed as Navy Undersecretary, he will be advanced to Secretary shortly, when Forrestal retires. Pauley is the California oil man who tried to get the federal government to forgo its rights to tidewater oil. As Secretary of the Navy, he will be in charge of vast supplies of naval oil reserves.

Washington T. R. B.

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Mid-Season

The Winter's Tale. Cort Theatre, January 15, 1946.
Dunnigan's Daughter, by S. N. Behrman. John Golden Theatre, December 21, 1945.
The Would-Be Gentleman, adapted from Molière by Bobby Clark. Booth Theatre, January 9, 1946.

NEARLY FOUR DECADES have passed since there were any important revivals of "The Winter's Tale," and the days of its great popularity in the theatre go farther back into the last century. The Theatre Guild's choice of it may have come as a surprise, but it seems to me an interesting selection and the result is gratifying and most commendable.

The Guild has backed the production with a very considerable lavishness and pains. The occasion falls in some ways below the standard of those of our older stage, notably in the acting and the reading of Shakespeare's lines; but that is to be expected, since our actors have not had the chance, even if they may have had the desire, at the training in voice and style and at the experience that the actors of those earlier days could profit by. The present occasion excels the former in other ways, in a certain simplification, for example, that is apparently needed for Shakespeare in relation to the modern mind and taste, and especially in the décor—here the general stage design and the technical medium, the stage mechanism, the lighting and so on, mark a definite advance. Nor could it be said in this present case that this visual aspect of the production is at Shakespeare's expense any more than was true, for instance, in Irving's or Mansfield's productions, not as much so in fact.

As any commentary will tell you, of course, Shakespeare took the story of "The Winter's Tale" from Greene's novel *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time,* changing the names of characters, combining some of the characters, introducing the rogue Autolycus and divers minor figures, and writing a different ending: Hermione is not dead and Leontes does not kill himself at the very last, but all are reunited to be happy ever afterward. This change of Shakespeare's is what as much as anything else very likely has served to check the appeal of the play. "The Winter's Tale" was written toward the very end of his career, and the first half of it throughout is as intense, as expert in structure and as searching as "Hamlet," though on a lesser plane; and then suddenly we are transported to a happy, singing world of young love, flowers, wild bears, shepherds and clowns, and finally, a dénouement, easy, obliging and sure-fire theatrically, where the statue comes to life and love is all for everybody. This divergence in approach and in tone may by some be taken as Shakespeare's comment on young hearts and old hearts, etc., but it does not make the appeal of the play any easier. The serious treatment of the first half also makes Leontes' sudden burst into a frenzy of jealous passion none too explicable for many commentators, who have taken pains to explain it either by his being a suspicious, evil tyrant, which he is not, or else by his having fallen into what is a fit of madness. In my opinion all that is beside the point. Shakespeare took the king as he found him in the story, jealousy and all; and the motif of jealous and arbitrary passion, manly honor and the husband's complete authority over his wife, was swallowed by the Renaissance without a quaver—better than that, the theme in one of the most admired classics in the Spanish theatre is that the hero's wife, though she has been cleared of every suspicion of unfaithfulness, still must die that his honor may rest white and perfect.

Mr. Henry Daniell gave an excellent performance of Leontes, a part that is easily ungrateful. It had not the eloquence and warmth of style by which very often one of the old-school actors even when he did not understand the line could still make it count. But Mr. Daniell brought to the part so much emotional precision and variety and so much understanding that he achieved a kind of fine, subjective rightness. It was a modern, inner approach. But his intelligence led him to read for the sense-stress in the lines, and since Shakespeare's metrical line is built on the sense, Mr. Daniell's readings were, as verse *per se,* both accurate and telling.

Miss Jessie Royce Landis showed some lapses in the metrical rendering—for a single example, in Hermione's

Than history can pattern, though devis'd

the metre was lost by not giving the full quantity to the second syllable of "history." Such lapses can be mended by concentration and energy of intention. Miss Landis brought an effective and convincing presence to the part, very necessary to it. And she created a lofty and admirable seriousness of mood that the dramatist might well be grateful for.

Miss Florence Reed brought her accustomed fire and sword to the part of Paulina. There was a good measure of the old-school Shakespeare in her method, that air of an Olympian hour of ladling it out and letting you have it, but it did no harm to the role, since this lady she plays is the person in the story who makes things happen and will tell anybody off. Mr. Whitford Kane as the Old Shepherd and Mr. Romney Brent as Autolycus gave really skillful performances in roles that are not too easy to make at home with a modern audience. The other roles in the play, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnson's Camillo, Miss Geraldine Strook's Perdita, Mr. Robert Duke's Florizel, and so on, were variously played, in some cases well enough, in some too lacking in training as to voice or speech, but they all showed the right spirit toward the play. A great deal of the credit for this whole event must go to Mr. B. Iden Payne and Mr. Romney Brent for their directing.

Mr. Stewart Chaney provided "The Winter's Tale" with a sumptuous permanent setting in the tradition of the Bibiena. A happy general tone in stone gray; capitally painted walls and baroque architectural forms, with good perspective; the forestage and proscenium arch permanent, with curtain backdrops for certain scenes, and for other scenes variations on the palace rooms, very handsome in their devices, and one a vast cave in the manner of the Renaissance painters; such a handsome, complex, practical and ambitious stage design is no mean achievement on Mr. Chaney's part. The costumes ranged about in time—they may do so freely, since the play exists in the days of Elizabeth, Apollo, Julio Romano and what not—and many of them are highly effective, a great step forward over the usual Shakespearean costuming. The successful designs, however, are mostly confined to the men's costumes. Some of the lesser ladies came off fairly enough, but Hermione and Paulina were too familiar to our New York eyes; Paulina's green gown in the last scene could have come

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from Fifty-seventh Street. Since Mr. Chaney has got me on such a high plane, I may as well add that the ladies' jewelry was mostly all wrong, especially the avalanche of pearls. Whatever pearls may have been painted into portraits and whatever beads may have been worn, artificial pearls as we know them did not come in till late in the seventeenth century. Or to skip the historical, what we see all over "The Winter's Tale" looks too much like the shops for costume jewelry. It is not hard to assemble effective and historical-looking stage jewels from odds and ends.

Mr. Behrman's new play, "Dunnigan's Daughter," another Theatre Guild offering, easily merits the harsh and limiting response that apparently it has received. It is about an American tycoon in Mexico, his young wife whose father had been jailed, a daughter by a first marriage, a young man from our State Department, etc. There is a great deal of personal analysis, of self and otherwise, with an assumption, perhaps, of sublety, but full of poor taste and almost continuously boring.

The entertainment that centers around Mr. Bobby Clark is adapted from various parts of Molière, though assembled into the general frame of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." It is all gay, if too long, and when it does represent Molière, well represents one side of him: the farce-clowning and buffoonery. And with Bobby Clark to carry that to expert perfection, it would please Molière more than most of our productions of him would ever have done.

STARK YOUNG

Some Recent Records

CONSIDERATION of some recent record releases increases one's concern over the apparent mechanical ineptitude of American recording engineers. The growing tendency to re-record works that have already been available in adequate —in some cases superlative—performances, substituting American artists and orchestras for European performers, is understandable for business reasons and would be justifiable if the new releases generally marked an advance over the older issues. But this is not often so.

A case in point is the performance of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto by Rubinstein with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, which was recorded from a broadcast piped into the Victor laboratories. This may account for, but hardly excuses, the release of a recording with such poor tonal reproduction. Orchestral chords are blurred and muddy. So, for the most part, is the piano; and there is a lack of definition when they play together. A better recording mechanically—Iturbi with the Rochester Symphony—has been on the market for a few years, though the performance is not exciting. The mechanical defects of the Toscanini-Rubinstein release are the more depressing since you feel, especially in the first movement, the dramatic handling of tempi at which Toscanini excels. The best recording of this work, technically and interpretatively, is Schnabel's with the London Philharmonic, released about 1931 and no longer available.

Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata (op. 57) has a similar history. The oldest recording is Edwin Fischer's for Victor, no longer available. However, the public fortunately has the choice of Gieseking for Columbia (interpretatively best) or Serkin for Victor, as against the new release of Rubinstein on Victor, which is overcut, loud and coarse-toned and poorly performed.

The Mendelssohn E Minor Violin Concerto has been given a spirited—slightly too spirited—reading by Milstein and Walter with the New York Philharmonic. The close of the first movement is taken at an unreasonably fast tempo and the beginning of the second movement drags a little. Milstein is quite good, though he sobs a bit in places and his high notes tend to be thin and squeaky. The recording is somewhat loud and harsh. Kreisler, Menuhin and Szigeti have already recorded this work, which hardly makes this new performance compulsory.

Martial Singher's album of French operatic arias for Columbia includes, besides the old warhorses, some lovely music outside the standard repertoire: selections from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and arias by Grétry and Lulli. Singher is an understanding musician, and his interpretative skill does not have to compensate for lack of voice. But this album is so poorly recorded that the voice is almost anonymous. The balance between voice and orchestra is weighted in mere terms of who is at bat, the accompaniment being for the most part reduced to quiet jangling and spreading out enormously during introductions.

However, there have been several new albums which defeat any motion to give up American recordings as a lost cause. They are hits in what seems an entirely hit-or-miss procession.

The Mozart C-major viola quintet (K 515) is a lovely work; a companion to K 516, it is lighter than the G-minor and has a kind of serious, dry grace. Columbia's issue with the Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims has the mechanical defects of its Budapest recordings to date—loudness and over-brilliance—but not to an impossible degree. The Budapest artists do very well for themselves and for Mozart; their playing of the third movement is a particularly lovely discourse that realizes the personal, almost conversational quality of the music.

The Chicago Symphony under Desiré de Fauw has recorded Respighi's "The Birds," an arrangement of a Rameau harpsichord suite which represents Respighi at his best, as a reworker of older music. The recording is clear and accurate; the woodwinds are recognizable and not mixed with the strings, and the cock-crow on the trumpet comes out just right over the orchestra. And one of Victor's main contributions to this season's stock of recorded music is its re-recording of Landowska's playing of Bach's Goldberg Variations. The tone (although somewhat loud) is wonderfully faithful to the immense, expressive gamut that the music demands and Landowska provides.

For readers who have recently acquired phonographs, we list some good older recordings which should be available in most shops:

Schubert, Unfinished Symphony: Beecham and the London Philharmonic, Columbia.

Mozart, Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor: Casadesus, Bigot and the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, Columbia.

Beethoven, Quartet Op. 18, No. 2: Budapest Quartet, Victor.

NAOMI HOROWITZ

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The Bandwagon

"We must have a group study the problem [of the atom bomb] and decide what is best for the people of the United States—and that means what is best for the people of the world." – *Brigadier General Leslie R. Groves, as quoted in the Washington* Post.

Some of the other doctors, most of whom hold the rank of captain, complained because on the transport they had to make their quarters in the Number One Cargo hold and eat with enlisted men. – *From the New York* Times.

Lest We Forget

Amputees on the boardwalk at Atlantic City depress visitors and therefore hurt business, civic leaders there feel. Pressure has been brought on the War Department to close the Thomas M. England General Hospital there, which has been an amputation center. Civic leaders argue it's all for good of wounded men—probably depresses them to see normal pleasure seekers. Hospital will be closed March 31. – *From the New York* World-Telegram.

The Well Dressed Ham

". . . London for many years has been the world capitol of men's styles," he [Adolphe Menjou] says. "That's where the finest tailors were. Now England is under a socialist government. Socialism elevates men who care little about styles. Dressing well requires knack and money and leisure." – *From the New York* Sun.

Good News for Minorities

Among the enemies of the United States are all persons who teach and preach that the Americans are divided into classes or should separate into classes. All citizens, regardless of race, color or creed, are equal in American law, and American law does not provide for mixtures and messes. – *From the Charleston* News and Courier.

Total-Peace Department

Once again Chicago can send orchids to almost any country in the world by wire. This service, interrupted by the war, has now been resumed between the United States and continental Europe, Britain, Canada, South America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The GI Attitude

SIR: I am enclosing herewith an excerpt from a letter from my son, who is with the Army Air Forces in India. He is 21 years old and has been in the Army two-and-a-half-years. It seemed to me that his slant on the GI attitude was interesting as well as depressing, and that you might care to publish this in your paper.
Philadelphia, Pa. C. E. W.

[ENCLOSURE]

. . . It is interesting to note the almost complete intolerence American soldiers have for the countries that have been their allies during the war; I have yet to hear a good word for Britain, France, Russia or China. All these, with the exception of Russia, are talked of with sneering contempt. Russia is looked on as the villain of the future. I have heard more praise of Germany than of all our allies put together—surprising how many of these men approve of Nazism in its dealing with minority groups. This is not a group of isolated thinkers; this is typical of all I have been with.

There is a definite tendency to rate America as the one good country on earth. It is manifested in a feeling of superiority and vague desire for isolation from the rest of the slovenly, stupid, coarse, ugly, hateful foreigners. Part of this feeling, of course, is due to the terrible desire to be home and free—the insane bitching is justified by blaming our exile on someone else. There are many men here who have told me that this was not our war, that we were "dragged in," but the basic reason for this lack of understanding of our position is mainly due to ignorance, absolute ignorance of any facts about the condition of the world before the war, during the war and now in the dawn of peace. While an important factor in the GI's ignorance of fact is the Army's terribly inadequate orientation program, the prime one is the colorless, prejudiced background that we Americans have received from our schools, our colleges, our national institutions, *i.e.*, movies, radio, mass advertisements; the average GI has no standard to judge humanity as apart from his own self. To suggest that advance in technology does not mean the advance of the individual is to be laughed at—mass production is truth and cash is the only God. . . . Our country is said to be in the ascendency. I am not so sure.

From a Pen Friend in South Africa

SIR: I am just a civilized Bantu-race citizen, a South African by birth, born and brought up in the Union of South Africa; have been out though: round Africa and East Africa, Middle East, Italy. I am educated, passed my STO VII A in School. It was as far as I could go on account of domestic affairs arising at home through the loss of my father. Then it was my mother and two little sisters to look after and my elder brother was away from home. We also got his news after about twelve years gone from home that he has also left us parted by death.

Then it was when I had started my way into this world and my ambition was from childhood days I wanted to be known in the world and learn something about the outer world and to improve and to coöperate with someone from out of Africa, to tell him or her of African stories and to send pictures of ancient African customs, and tell the story of the Great Zulu War.

I missed the opportunity of coming out to America owing to no transfers from the South African Army in which I had served in the battle fronts such as Fort Miga out in East Africa and Abyssinia, then across to Egypt. I was in the evacuation of that famous flat piece of solid rock out in Gazala, then down to Tobruk Pass, Acroma, then into the Straits of Fort Capuzzo and down to Sollum. I was at the Battle of El Alamein, then up the heels of the retreating former General Rommel, leader of the Afrika Korps. The Panzer Division was one of Rommel's best fighting units out in the Western Desert in the year 1942.

And so I have also a lot of modern life story of the Africans in Africa, how they are with everything of the latest. On the stage you often see them wear the latest number in trousers. This is to show you, Sir, how modern we are and are trying to

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be civilized. I would like to hear about the outside world and would also like to know of world affairs such as improvement. I would like to know of the American (Darkies) Negroes. We often saw them up in Italy but never had the opportunity of talking to one another, but read of them in books and also see in movies. If you happen to know of an American Negro whose hobby is writing let him have my address if you please, Sir.

We are very eager to know the world and I sometimes sit still when I have been to a show and think of all the hardships I and my people are facing in South Africa. Yet the United States of America knows of color bar like it is in the outer world and we are eager to get ahead with everything.

So may I bring my writing to an end.

Saying may God bless you until the coming year. A Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.

I am yours sincerely

Johannesburg, S. A. PEN FRIEND

[*If any reader would like to write to our correspondent, he may do so care of the* New Republic. – THE EDITORS]

Spenders and Savers

SIR: "The General Motors Reply to UAW-CIO Brief" is interesting. It asks innocently enough, on page 39, ". . . how can more purchasing power be created simply by taking it away from business and investors and giving it to factory workers? Such a transaction," it says, "simply accomplishes a shift in purchasing power, not an expansion."

Mr. Anderson does not seem to realize that an expansion in purchasing power is accomplished only by a shift from those who have it but wouldn't use it to those who would use it if they had it. That shift is accomplished only by higher wages. Dormant purchasing power in the hands of business and investors is no purchasing power at all, but in the hands of workers it not only becomes active but also acts as a stimulant to business expansion and investment. . . .

Detroit, Mich. DAVID DIAMOND

From an Arab Spokesman

SIR: In your issue of January 7, 1946, you suggest sending all the European Jewish refugees to Palestine. You complain that the minds of almost the whole German population have been poisoned so completely that changing them may take a generation. I hope that no irresponsible, exaggerated statement, such as the one published by you in this issue, will poison also the minds of the American people and becloud the issue and make the solution of the Palestine problem more and more difficult. I should have liked that one of your editors had attended the hearings of the Anglo-American Committee, held at the State Department, Washington, and found out for himself from the statements made by some of the Zionist witnesses how impracticable it is for a great number of Jews to immigrate at the present time to Palestine.

The Arabs regard the Jewish plight in Nazi Europe as a most abhorrent crime against humanity and they greatly sympathize with the homeless Jewish refugees as well as other refugees. But they regard it as most unfair to suggest that the problem of the persecuted Jews be solved by persecuting another nation, the Arabs of Palestine. The refugee problem is, as you know, a global humanitarian problem, while the Palestine problem is a political one, and the two should not be confused. I wonder whether you know how many Jewish inhabitants of Palestine wish sincerely to emigrate from Palestine as a result of the present political tension there and as a result of the Zionist terrorism which is now sweeping the country and keeping the inhabitants in a perpetual state of unrest.

You state in your editorial that the Arabs are not likely to risk serious opposition against any further immigration. I would like to refer you to the replies of the Arab League of Nations and the Arab Higher Committee of Palestine to Mr. Bevin's statement of policy. Furthermore, I am sure you are well aware that all the seven Arab risings in Palestine were the result of the Arabs' fear of the continuation of Jewish immigration. You may further recollect that in 1936-39, about 20,000 Arabs were killed and 1,500 hanged by the British Mandatory Power, who tried to impose on them, against their expressed will, more Jewish immigration. . . .

SAMIR SHAMMA

Washington, D. C. THE ARAB OFFICE

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Howard L. Parsons of the University of Chicago comments on the exchange of letters about the Nuremberg Trials (the *New Republic*, December 24 and January 14), that the "combined reason and conscience of mankind" which is judging the war criminals has often been perverted, consciously or unconsciously. Dr. Parsons feels that a "science of evaluation" must be developed and applied first on the individual level, then to larger groups, and ultimately to international relations.

Roland S. Cummings of Buffalo, New York, demands the revision of American policy on relief to Germany. He says that America must "stop this savage policy" and take the lead in standing for a decent peace, for, he points out, except for the persecution of the Jews, "there is not a single crime in the record of the Nazi scoundrels on trial at Nuremberg that cannot be charged . . . to the account of the United Nations."

Dr. Bart J. Bok of the Harvard College Observatory sends us a statement of the American Association of Scientific Workers on atomic energy which praises the Moscow decision in favor of international control of such energy. The Association believes that "international coöperation in the sciences can best be accomplished through a powerful subsidiary of the United Nations Organization" and that UNESCO could perform this function by facilitating the exchange of scientists and scientific information, helping in the scientific rehabilitation of war-devastated areas, helping to build scientific institutions in countries which need them, making surveys of the resources of undeveloped areas and coöperating with international organizations concerned with public health, communications, food, agriculture and fisheries, mineral resources, standards and power. The Association asks the American public and its leaders to take an active interest in UNESCO and asks "our scientific colleagues in the Soviet Union, which was not represented at [its] Charter Conference, to join this important international coöperative development."

The Emergency Committee on Radio Station KFI announces its transformation into the California Committee for Radio Freedom. Originally the committee started as a protest against the action of KFI, which services the Los Angeles area, in requiring all news commentators to be employees of the station, an action tantamount to censorship. The work of the new committee will include working for the granting of radio frequencies and FM licenses only to those who will serve the public interest and sponsoring an educational campaign on freedom of the air. The committee is located at 430-1 Black Building, 357 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California.

Elizabeth Janeway, secretary of the National Committee to Aid Families of General Motors Strikers, writes asking our readers to contribute to the fund. She points out that the strike is now entering its third month with no promise of an early settlement, and many strikers' families have exhausted their savings. Checks should be made payable to Llewellyn G. Ross, treasurer, and sent to the committee at 212 East Forty-ninth Street, New York 17.

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Books in Review

Super-Ego and Surplus Value

NOTHING proves more the superiority of psychoanalysis over any of the other branches of scientific psychology than its direct contact with social phenomena.

If, as Aristotle says, man is a social creature, then the connection between individual development and social causation must be the test of the value of any psychology. In Wundt's experimental psychology, for example, there is an almost complete hiatus between the doctrines based on its experiments, on the one hand, and the application of these experiments to the social sphere. This is well illustrated by his *Elements of Ethnic Psychology*, which contains hardly a trace of the psychology usually associated with his name.

Psychoanalysis, on the other hand, is a psychology on a much higher plane. It has been the most individualizing influence in modern psychiatry, and at the same time—a dialectic contradiction often overlooked—social categories are inherent in its very fabric. The development of Freud's thought itself shows a progression from his early individual-biological discoveries up to 1923, when he declared the Oedipus complex to be one of the four indispensable "chief contents" of psychoanalysis. For the Oedipus complex is a social fact. Otherwise there would not exist, distinct from natural sexual relations, a scientific problem of the origin and historical development of the family.

A book on *Man, Morals and Society*[1] is therefore not a departure from pyschoanalytic investigations or a mere application of its teachings, but is a legitimate continuation of research in fundamental psychoanalytic problems. The author, Dr. Flugel, is well known through a number of writings over a period of more than thirty years. He feels that the incidence of two world wars within a quarter of a century makes it necessary to reconsider fundamental moral problems. The rebuilding of our society on a sounder basis is for him primarily a moral question. Moral values "are facts of mental life" and our psychological knowledge must be used in the service of these values. This implies that without giving up the doctrine of intrinsic values, it is necessary to substitute a psychological for a moral point of view, which means to him a change from an emotional attitude to an intellectual one.

The book is in the main a well documented discussion of most psychoanalytic concepts in so far as they have any relation to questions of ethics. It contains a wealth of material which does not lend itself to summarization, although one would like to quote some of its happy formulations. Flugel makes interesting use of psychological studies, especially some deriving from the schools of Spearman and McDougall.

It is both the merit and the limitation of the book that a good part of the discussion remains on the level of stating the problem rather than solving it. The statement, for instance, that all psychotherapy has as its aim "the breaking of bad habits and the substitution of desirable ones," would seem to raise the questions: What habits are desirable? Who is to determine them for whom and by what scientific methods?

The focus on individual psychological causation leads Flugel to some interesting perspectives. But it also leads him to some questionable and even dangerous conclusions. For example, he states that improvement in the conditions of life may actually have bad consequences and lead to an increase of neurosis. He describes Hitler as a psychopath who by the strength given him by the very intensity of his wishes exercised a colossal influence. I cannot agree that Hitler got his way just by wishing hard. And as far as moral progress is concerned, Flugel asserts that our mental and moral capacities can probably be changed only by biological methods.

I do not wish to fall into the error of some Shakespearean scholars who "peer into Hamlet's soul over a pair of brackets." But I cannot help seeing the key to the social implications of this book in a footnote. The title of the next to the last chapter, "Right and Left as Social Attitudes," has a footnote stating that this chapter is the expansion of an article entitled "Why Do We Oppose Socialism?"

Flugel's book raises the problem of neutrality and partisanship in psychoanalysis. The author himself apparently is not aware of this. He probes the individual to his depths, but when it comes to social matters, he takes the expressed surface for the truth. For example, he makes a scheme of differences between fascism and communism in which in the economic sphere he labels both L (Left). And while as a psychoanalyst he certainly would not accept at face value a patient's statement about his attitude toward his mother, he does just that with an editorial by Dr. Goebbels in *Der Angriff* which he quotes extensively to prove the beautiful attitude the Nazi state had toward mothers. In a similar vein, he claims the Nazis tended to abolish class distinctions and very largely eliminated the profit motive.

Psychoanalysis is a science with fine ramifications. It is no more possible to cultivate it as pure research than it was for the nuclear physicists to study the atom without finding themselves in a position where it became impossible not to take sides. There are social conflicts in society which affect every science. To assume a position of high morality over and above the conflicts of society and imply a fancied neutrality is nothing more than a subtle form of partisanship. Surplus value influences the super-ego. That is true for both patient and physician. The practitioner who has not become aware of his own unconscious bias in the social sphere can do no more for his patient than to help him to become a symptom-free conformer.

Psychoanalysis has reached a stage of development at which it encounters the danger of yielding wrong results. Flugel's book, which is competent, sincere and typical of the best that is written in psychoanalysis today, shows this

[1] Man, Morals and Society: A Psychoanalytical Study, by J. C. Flugel. New York: International Universities Press. 328 pages. $4.50.

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clearly. This whole problem is beginning to be recognized. But the current attempts to fuse a Bowdlerized psychoanalysis with a Browderized Marxism are not an advance; they are an evasion. Psychoanalysis needs no mitigation. What is needed is a much closer and more concrete interpenetration of psychoanalysis with the sciences of economics, sociology and history. This is necessary not only for the application of psychoanalytic thought to groups, but also for the practical psychoanalytic study of the individual. For the real truth about an individual is always social.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

Retort to Reaction

Road to Reaction, by Herman Finer. Boston: Little, Brown and Company-The Atlantic Monthly Press. 228 pages. $2.

THE TRUE CHARACTER of the reactionary mind will, perhaps, always remain an enigma to men of intelligence and social perception. But in periods of profound social change, the leaders of a still-established order exhibit all of the aplomb of gentlemen who have donned skates for the first time and now hover upon the outskirts of the ice at Rockefeller Center. They are conspicuously uncomfortable. They can escape from this predicament and from their understandable anguish only if convinced either that they will surely emerge upright from an unavoidable excursion or that there is no real need to skate at all. The latter conviction is, of course, the more comforting.

It is the function of reactionary literature to support such pillars of society in one or the other of these illusions, and the author who succeeds in doing so finds that he has produced a best-seller. This is not because our reactionaries are great readers of books. It is, rather, because our tax laws are so drawn that great corporations can afford to assist in the distribution of well selected volumes.

A few years ago, our jittery reactionaries were told by Mr. James Burnham that they would surely have to venture upon the ice, but would emerge unscathed and on their feet. In the last days of the New Deal even this was comforting intelligence. More recently, Mr. Friedrich Hayek—said to be a gentle and bewildered scholar—went Mr. Burnham one better. In the warmth of his remarkable logic, the ice itself melted quite away.

It is small wonder that our trembling captains of monopoly welcomed so timely and heartening a magician. Had they done otherwise, it would have been unnecessary for Herman Finer—a not-so-gentle but more responsible scholar—to write this book. On its merits, Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* scarcely deserves a serious rejoinder. It is notable, as Finer continually emphasizes, only because it has become the arsenal of the reactionary counter-offensive against democracy and progress.

To all who have been nauseated by the accolades heaped upon Hayek's moth-eaten dream world by those who refuse to know better, Finer's hard-hitting polemic will prove delightful. Moreover, as he observes in his preface, "there is a responsibility on those who care for the well-being of the Republic to deal harshly with [Hayek's] contentions and the methods used to support and commend them." Herman Finer has accepted that responsibility and has given Hayek his deserts in a book which bristles with invective and flays as well as riddles its protagonist.

The task he set himself can best be stated in his own words. It was to show that

> Hayek's apparatus of learning is deficient, his reading incomplete; that his understanding of the economic process is bigoted, his account of history false; that his political science is almost nonexistent, his terminology misleading, his comprehension of British and American political procedure and mentality gravely defective; and that his attitude to average men and women is truculently authoritarian.

Finer has no great difficulty in supporting each of the counts in this damaging indictment. It may be said, indeed, that the task was all too easy. Truly great polemical writing requires a more worthy opponent, such as Marx found in Proudhon. But if at times it seems as though a 75 mm. were here being used to demolish a sparrow, that is of small moment in the face of a plague of them. Finer has penned, in fact, a vitriolic and devastating attack upon a whole school of disillusioned liberals and ex-Marxists whose misunderstanding of the political process has been equaled only by the hysteria of their screams against the planning state.

This little group of timid and embittered men, of whom Hayek is only a conspicuous example, shrink from what they choose to call "statism," and by so doing nurture the reaction. In so far as they are innocent of such an objective, they have been led to their position by a common failure to understand the nature of political power or the character of the democratic process. They assume, as Hayek assumes, that political power is neither "limited in scope, restricted in authority, responsible in operation, nor coöperative and decentralized in execution." This assumption, which Finer properly characterizes as "stupid," leads them to cry out in alarm at every necessary extension of the social services and to oppose economic planning or the strengthening of responsible government.

But this is all nonsense, as Finer vigorously demonstrates. The central issue today is not economic planning, but who is to do it and to what ends; it is not the growth of state power, but the question of who is to control and use that power. The real issue is democracy, with its corollary of majority rule.

All of this Finer not only understands but states clearly and vigorously in what is the first important democratic manifesto to appear since V-J Day. "The people," he says, "will not be shoved off the scene"; and the task of our generation is to strengthen the instruments through which their aspirations may be realized. This is the kind of talk we need from our professors and there is plenty of it in this little volume.

Finer devotes the latter portion of his book to suggestions for a democratic program and for reforms in the machinery of American government. This is the least satisfying section of the work. While his ideas are suggestive, they are inadequately developed and the book stands on its critique of the Hayek school and of the operations of monopoly capitalism. That is enough for any book. I hope ways can be found to give it as wide a circulation as our great corporations were able to obtain for *The Road to Serfdom.*

J. DONALD KINGSLEY

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One Big College for All

Democratic Education, by Benjamin Fine. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 251 pages. $2.50.

THE IMPULSE which constrained the education editor of the New York *Times* to write this book is unimpeachable. Having surveyed the educational desires of the returning veterans and the preparations the colleges are making to satisfy these desires, Mr. Fine asks that we do the thing we should have done long since: see to it that "all high-school graduates who are able to profit from college be allowed, encouraged and assisted to partake of higher education." If in the elaboration of this argument Mr. Fine really meant what his words seem to mean, a reviewer could only applaud the statement vigorously and hope that the book might move lawgivers to provide America with genuine democratic education at the higher level. Actually Mr. Fine is demanding something which, in its implications, is dubious. To him, "able to profit" and "higher education" are terms which possess a special significance. The first term should be translated "able to stay in a college for the required length of time doing something"—it does not seem to matter much what that is so long as it will later help the student to earn a living. For "higher education" the reader should substitute "full collegiate status for vocational training, with a sprig of culture as a side dish."

Before he presents his complete argument in his final chapter ("Higher Education for All"), Mr. Fine has talked about a number of matters which are not too relevant to his thesis: for instance, the "quarrel" in American higher education between the aristocratic and the progressive wings, which quarrel he believes to be far more divisive than it is in actuality. In spite of the fact that he subtitles his book "A Report on the Colleges," Mr. Fine also frequently lapses from reportage to propaganda, with the result that several of his chapters on the past and present of higher education in America are highly colored by his dislike of "aristocratic" education as practised at St. John's and his suspicion of the aims of the traditional American college devoted to the liberal arts.

Mr. Fine's prejudices in favor of vocational "higher education" for all, and his rather indiscriminate use of statistical surveys of what the veterans want and what the colleges are planning, result in a number of misconceptions. Let me cite two before I pass on to what seems to me the more dangerous drift of his argument. He is so certain that the malign influence of Mr. Hutchins and his fellow conspirators is pervading and corrupting the liberal-arts curriculum that he reluctantly concludes that in the immediate crisis only the state universities can be looked to with much hope. The present inclination in such institutions as Princeton and Harvard to insist on a basic general education for underclassmen, Mr. Fine sees as an extension of the Hutchins plot. He has not noticed that it is, rather, the culmination of a movement which has been going on for over twenty years. When the colleges abandoned the free-elective system and required their upperclassmen to concentrate in a chosen field of study, the mastery of which they must prove by means of comprehensive examinations, the incidental problems of the underclass curriculum were not sufficiently thought through. Because the purpose of the underclass

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years was ill defined, the tendency has grown to push specialization downward. The present movement to require that a student should know at least something about the main divisions of knowledge and the various modes of arriving at truth is an effort to correct the earlier corrective administered to the free-elective system. This change would undoubtedly have come about even if Messrs. Adler and Barr had never rediscovered Aristotle. It is certainly not being made because Mr. Hutchins shocked the traditional arts college when he fouled the academic nest by declaring that "nobody who has been educated in the last fifty years has been liberally educated."

Indeed, Mr. Fine falls into Mr. Hutchins' trap on the issue whether the liberal-arts college in its present form is any longer worth its keep. He fails to do justice to it even as a place where a certain kind of vocational training has always been practised. If a statesman, politician, teacher, editor or economic consultant is to be so educated that his judgments and acts will be informed and large-minded, where is he to be well trained for *his* vocation? Hardly in the kind of manual-skills institution Mr. Fine would like to see become the typical American college hereafter. Nor does he acknowledge the magnificent service the liberal-arts college performed during the war. The army, he says, showed that when forced to it, it "can teach men and make them useful." But where, does he surmise, did thousands of young naval officers receive their fundamental training in mathematics and physics, astronomy and history? Who taught meteorology for the army? Who struggled with our first real experiment in democratic higher education—the ill fated ASTP program which the army dumped on the college doorstep in an orphan's basket?

With an astonishing adaptability, the liberal-arts colleges turned from teaching the arts of peace to the arts of war. Far from failing the nation, they supplied a good part of the intelligence which helped us win the war. They are deeply rooted in our national life and are likely to continue to put forth good fruit, although unfortunately they occasionally have grafted to them scions who are distinguished only for their good manners.

I suspect that Mr. Fine is rough on the liberal-arts college because it still struggles to do what, in his words quoted above, the colleges should do: provide higher education for those who are able to profit from it. Certainly the kind of universal college he wants would be quite a different sort of institution. I hope I do not misrepresent him when I picture it, from the implications of his argument, as a place where any high-school graduate, no matter how low his academic record or what subjects he has studied, may stay around until he finds some subject he can cotton to.

Mr. Fine seems to regard this college-to-be-desired not as an institution of higher learning at all but as a kind of reward or panacea for young men and women who have been academically underprivileged. One would like to ask him why we should not continue to have a division of labor in American education, and what is so magical about the word college. If what a student gets there or is qualified to get there can as well be provided by a technical high school or a trade school, then why is it our democratic duty to see that he gets it in an environment which supplies stadia and fraternities and the opportunity to rise from the ranks to be head cheer-leader? It is one thing to ask for every American boy the now rare privilege of goatweek in Alpha Omega. It is another to demand that training in physical education, for example (but there are other examples), be blown up into a four-year college course so that high-school students who can present only three units of English at entrance will find some "major" under which to shelter.

In short, I find *Democratic Education* disappointing because it seems to me to confuse the issue at a very critical moment. For the first time in our history young men—if they have worn our uniform—will have a chance at the kind of education which will be of use to them and to their country, and to have all they need of it. But it will do them no good, and it will do the cause of democratic education harm, to define "higher" education simply as that which goes on in a place called a college; and then to ask that the colleges, understaffed and underequipped as they now are, should try to teach everything under the sun. Indoctrination in double-entry bookkeeping does not require the use of a cyclotron and the mysteries of ice-cream making are not clarified by walking the stacks of the Widener Library. If a segment of American youth is resentful because it is deprived of the glamor of college life, the best solution is not to give glamor to all, but to deglamorize the college. I wish Mr. Fine were more concerned about the bright boys and girls—and we know how many thousands of them there are—who do not have the wherewithal to get to Cornell or even to Alaska State Teachers. It does not seem to me so criminally negligent as it does to him that "colleges and universities still place a high premium on the 'brilliant' student."

WILLARD THORP

Office of Peace Information

Unwritten Treaty, by James P. Warburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 186 pages. $2.

IT IS NOT surprising that *Unwritten Treaty* is an excellent little propaganda tract on behalf of protecting a progressive peace against propaganda. Its author, James P. Warburg, is that rare and valuable combination—a fighting liberal with a flair for propaganda. Three of the five chapters of the book provide a brief, popular sketch of wartime propaganda. Included is part of the story of how a small group of Americans, starting far behind scratch and bucking all sorts of brass-hat and striped-pants opposition, improvised an information-propaganda service which made a valuable contribution to the winning of the war. Mr. Warburg is singularly well equipped to tell the story, for he shares with Joseph Barnes, Edd Johnson and Robert E. Sherwood the credit for having pioneered and developed the job. So influential was he in the early days when the OWI was bearing the brunt of criticism of liberal foreign policies that reactionaries in the State Department used to talk of the "Office of Warburg Information." The gibe was justified only to the extent that Mr. Warburg was one of those who fought to prevent the deflection of propaganda policy from progressive goals. And when scapegoats were needed to confuse the public mind to an unavowed shift of policy away from such goals, Mr. Warburg was one of those who took the rap and kept their mouths shut.

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Mr. Warburg still keeps his mouth shut, leaning far over backward to keep himself out of the picture and telling only part of the facts of such episodes as the one about the "moronic little King" of Italy. On the impersonal, policy side, however, he strikes out eloquently and vigorously against "the failure of the United States to carry out its obvious mission" of liberal democratic leadership. Part of the trouble, he says, was the tendency "to allow the worldwide civil war to become obscured by the nationalistic military struggle for safety and survival." The extremely interesting historical portion of the book is the springboard for a polemical brief in support of a program for profiting in time of peace from the errors of wartime experience with psychological warfare.

Mr. Warburg proposes (and offers discussion drafts of) international agreements "to promote the free flow of information, to define and outlaw psychological warfare and aggression, to define the type of international propaganda which shall be considered harmless and therefore permissible in time of peace." On the domestic side, he advocates the creation in the federal government of an independent Department of Information headed by a cabinet member. These are excellent goals, worthy of being seriously considered, despite the inevitable objections of "realists" that they are impossibly idealistic. They are the proposals of an ardent progressive, a passionate rationalist, a firm optimist; and if they have defects, they are the defects of their author's virtues.

To begin with, Mr. Warburg rather oversimplifies matters by equating information with "the functioning of man's reason" and propaganda with mobilizing "certain of men's emotions in such a way that they will dominate his reason." The fact that emotional appeals are overt and explicit in propaganda does not make them the less covert and implicit in information: a fantasy can be a fact, and vice versa. Then, Mr. Warburg lets his faith in progress carry him too far and fast when he assumes that the only serious mistake made after World War I likely to be repeated now is "the failure to define and outlaw psychological aggression." Despite the United Nations Organizations, political and economic conflicts of which "psychological aggression" is an excrescence may be mitigated but certainly will not be outlawed.

Finally, Mr. Warburg's reversal of his wartime position on "the worldwide civil war" is premature. It is not finished. On the contrary, with the Fascist-Nazi blind alley sealed off, the struggle for humane progress as revolutionary as mechanistic technology demands is now only beginning; and the time is not yet for progressives to plump for "safety and survival." Mr. Warburg should know from his experience that the obstructors of progress are the men likely to define and interpret what is "harmless" and "permissible" in propaganda. Until progress is secure, progressives will need to be propagandists; until democracy is a fact, democrats will need to propagate the emotional faiths which inspire it as well as spread the rational facts which support it. Self-denying ordinances outlawing psychological aggression assume an acceptable status quo; otherwise progress and change are outlawed. Surely this is not Mr. Warburg's intention.

Says Mr. Warburg: "The truly remarkable achievement of British psychological warfare in the early part of the war was the manner in which Britain, under predominantly Tory leadership, managed to make herself the champion of liberty and progress." Of all people Mr. Warburg should be the one to know from his bitterly acquired experience that American psychological warfare in the latter part of the war took away from this country sponsorship and leadership in liberty and progress in direct proportion as powerful reactionary forces changed "psychological warfare" into a "free flow of factual information." The only circumstance under which Mr. Warburg's *Unwritten Treaty* could help make a more progressive world would be one which would permit men like Mr. Warburg to interpret and implement it.

PERCY WINNER

Contributors

Frederic Wertham, psychiatrist and neurologist, is the author of *Dark Legend: A Study of Murder* and *The Brain as an Organ: A Textbook of Neuropathology*. He is working on a book on Marx and Freud.

J. Donald Kingsley is currently labor adviser and director for manpower in the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. His most recent book is *Representative Bureaucracy*, published by the Antioch Press.

Willard Thorp is a professor of English at Princeton University and chairman of the American Civilization Program there.

Percy Winner spent 14 years in Western Europe as a foreign correspondent, half of them in Italy and Germany under fascism, and was for three years an OWI Deputy Director for Field Operations.

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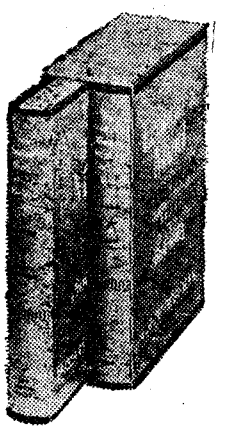

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